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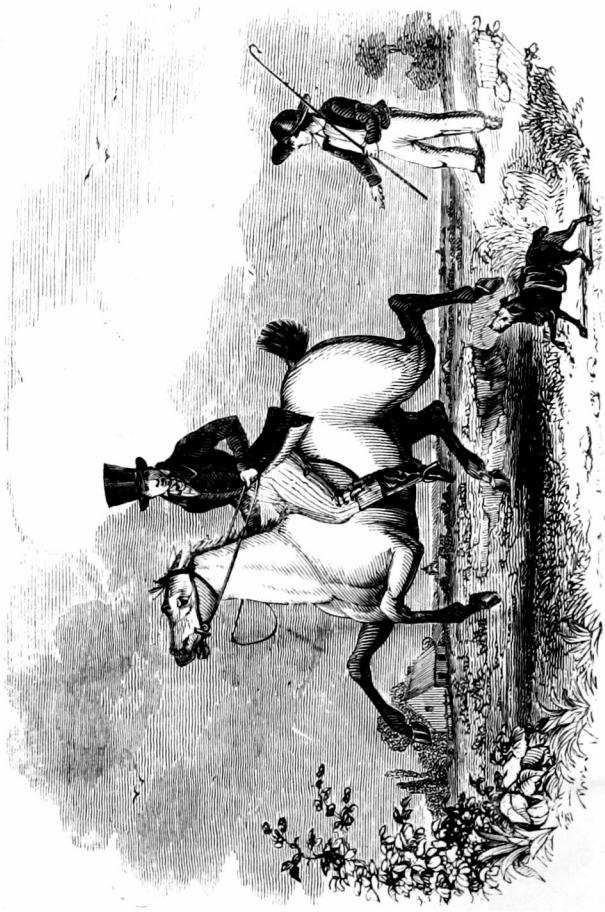
COLUMBIA INSTITUTION

—FOR THE—

DEAF AND DUMB

THE CHARLES BAKER COLLECTION

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NUMBER 532



THE
DEAF AND DUMB BOY,

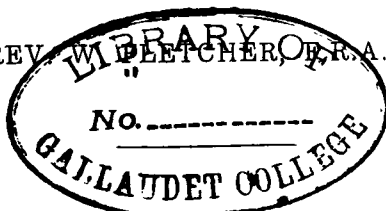
A TALE;

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MODE OF EDUCATING
THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY THE

REV. W. FLETCHER, OF R.A.S.



LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

—
M.DCCC.XXXVII

TO
JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, ESQ.,

THIS
LITTLE WORK

IS
DEDICATED,

WITH THE HIGHEST SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

OF
ITS AUTHOR.

PREFATORY APOLOGY.

IF any apology be needed for my again appearing before the public, as a writer for the young, I trust and hope it will be found speaking for itself in the following simple Tale, in which I have humbly endeavoured not only to plead the cause of a deeply-suffering class of the community, but to enlighten the minds of my little readers on the subject of one of the *Senses*, and to excite them, by an imitation of the little hero of my tale, to the practice of those virtues which are essential to them as pilgrims of life, and heirs of immortality.

Promising my youthful readers, in the

event of their being amused and instructed by this my “First Tale of the Senses,” that others shall follow them in due order; I commend them to the fatherly care and kindness of “Him, who hath given them all things richly to enjoy,” and gifted them “with an ear to hear the things that belong unto their peace, and a mouth to declare the goodness of God and the wonders that he doeth for the children of men.”

A
TALE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB,
FOUNDED ON FACTS.

When the ear heard Him, then it blessed Him.



The Shepherd's Cottage.

CHAPTER I.

So you wish me to tell you a tale: well then, my children, as we are all now snugly seated round our winter-hearth, enjoying the well-known comforts of an English fire-side, with nothing to disturb our peace and quietude within, but the roar “of the rising storm” without,

Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane,

whilst mamma is busily plying her industrious needle, and puss is purring at her feet, I will

most cheerfully comply with your wishes, and tell you a tale.

But, what shall it be about?—shall we wander into fairy-land, and talk about elves, and fays, and fairy kings and queens: or amongst mountains, caves, and ruined castles, peopled with ogres, dwarfs, and giants: or shall we visit haunted halls and chambers, filled with ghosts and hobgoblins, and talk about such idle phantoms, until we half believe in their existence, and fancy we hear them scream between the pauses of the storm which is now bellowing in our chimney above, and hurrying the birds of night along the troubled sky.

No, my children, thanks to the spread of knowledge, and the improved condition of the human mind, we have no such follies as these amongst us now: the reign of fairies, giants, and ghosts is over, and no one dreams about such imaginary monsters and horrors, except those who are weak and yet ignorant enough to listen to the ridiculous tales told by the few, who are still so credulous and simple as to believe them. No, we will talk about something which has truth for its foundation, and real instruction,

and innocent amusement, for its aim ; so shall we all be gainers in the end : you, in deriving benefit from an evening spent in rational recreation, and I, in feeling sensible that I have not endeavoured to amuse and instruct you in vain. But what is this tale to be about, after all ? for begin it I must, and that too, without further preface.

Well, then, it shall be a tale concerning one of the Senses, and of such an interesting character, as, I trust, will engage and reward your attention from the beginning to the end. You are already aware, I trust, my children, that it has pleased the Almighty Giver of all good to bestow upon us, amongst other great and marvellous blessings, certain endowments or faculties, which, from their nature, character, and utility, are called the *Five Senses*.—Thus we have the sense of hearing, seeing, smelling, touching, and tasting ; all differing in their nature, use, and service to man, but all, at the same time, combining together, and conducing to his happiness, safety, and well-being.

To the first of these senses, namely, the sense of hearing, my tale will have a direct reference ;

I must, therefore, beg you to remember at the commencement of my story, that this sense, in particular, has one other faculty in intimate connexion with it, and very much dependent upon it; to which faculty we owe one of the great charms of existence, namely, the interchange of our thoughts and feelings, and the expression of our wants and desires, and this is the faculty of speech. Without it, we should be mere ciphers in the world, having, as it were, neither place nor purpose in society;—burdensome to others, and useless even to ourselves. Unblessed with the faculties of speech and hearing, my children, you would be silent objects of pity and commiseration to all around; occupying, but to no seeming end or purpose, a station in the rank of human beings, which is beneficially filled by beings more blessed and favoured than yourselves. Indeed, I can scarcely imagine a creature in the whole compass of nature, more completely dependent and miserable than *he* is, who, liable to all the wants and infirmities of his nature, and endowed with feelings and ideas quick and sensitive as his fellow-men, is yet unable to express the former, or convey to

the understandings of others, the force and nature of the latter. My children, I am sure you will agree with me in saying, he must be miserable indeed, for, he can neither open his heart to one, nor signify his necessities to another. He hears neither the cry of warning, nor the low and gentle voice of consolation and prayer. For him, in vain a father's voice of counsel and advice is raised, or a mother's blessing poured upon his head: he is deaf to the words of the one, and his tongue is unable to acknowledge his love and gratitude towards the other. He speaks but with his eyes and hands, and they, eloquent as they are to those who from long habits of intercourse with him are fortunate enough to understand them, are yet but very imperfect images or representatives of those organs of speech and utterance, which so fully and forcibly express and convey the various feelings of the human heart.

The faculty of speech, it would appear, my children, is, as to its origin, completely dependent upon the sense of hearing; for, in no case, can any one born deaf, so long as he continues so, become able to express his feelings or desires

by sounds, since he can form no possible idea of them: for after all, what is speech but the gift or capability of being able to imitate those sounds used by others, to which certain meanings are annexed, when heard and understood by us? The sense of hearing, therefore, you must clearly perceive, must precede or go before the ability to speak is rendered available by us: hence, a child who is born *deaf*, is also, of necessity, *dumb*, although its organs of speech may be as perfect as ours, and would be quite as serviceable, could that deafness be removed by art, or remedied by human skill, at that early period of life, when the slumbering organs of the ear may be roused into life, or moved into beneficial exertion. "For," says an eminent aurist*, "those who have been born deaf, or who have been affected with incurable deafness before articulation has been attained, or sufficiently impressed on the memory, remain, consequently, without the power of speech. Persons in this condition, therefore, are dumb only because they are deaf; or, in other words, they are incapable of using

* *Essay on the Deaf and Dumb*, by J. H. Curtis.

language, the sounds of which they have never heard, and consequently cannot attempt to imitate." It is, therefore, very possible, you see, for a person to be deaf without being dumb, since he may have learned to speak before the calamity of deafness fell upon him, but I believe there is no case of a person being born deaf, without being dumb also.

Having opened the way, therefore, to my tale, by this little prefatory explanation, which, I fear, has been rather dull and tedious to you, and, perhaps, from my want of greater plainness of speech, difficult also of comprehension; I shall proceed with my story, pausing only to enforce upon you, blessed as you are with the full possession of these senses, so necessary to your happiness and welfare, the obligations you are under to that great and good Being, who has not only "given you all things richly to enjoy," but those senses also, which may render their fullest enjoyment possible. Fearfully and wonderfully, my children, are we made, and to Him, the great Father and Preserver of all, let all praise, and honour, and glory be given, both now and for ever.—And now to my tale, which

I see you are all as anxious to hear, as I am ready and prepared to begin.

On the border of a moor, stretching far and wide at the foot of a certain part of the Chiltern Hills, there lived, some time ago, the widow of a shepherd, who for many years, like his fathers before him, had been the careful guardian of a numerous fleecy tribe, nibbling the short, but sweet grass, with which these districts abound.

But, poor fellow, he had met with a most melancholy fate ; for in the winter of the year,— I really forget exactly what, or when, remembering but this, that it was a most inclement and severe one,—in his anxiety for his flock, he was bewildered in the snow one stormy and bitter night, endeavoured in vain to reach home, and was found next morning by his poor widow and a few friends, who had been looking for him nearly the whole night, a lifeless corpse, within a few hundred yards of his own humble abode. How beautifully has that sweetest of poets, Sir Walter Scott, described the fate of one similarly circumstanced ; so beautifully indeed, that I am sure you will excuse me, if I repeat the lines, as well as I can remember :—

The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles :
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star ;
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again ;
And facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep ;
If sinks his heart—if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale :
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own ;
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morning finds the stiffened swain.

Such, indeed, was the fate of the poor shepherd of the Chilterns, leaving Hannah Jones a forlorn and penniless widow, depending entirely upon her own exertions, and the kindness of a few friends in the neighbourhood, for her very livelihood and existence. She was a woman of a peculiarly mild, yet cheerful turn of mind ; her temper was proverbially sweet, and her heart most piously fixed on that Father in heaven, who, as she was wont to say, “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” and is ever watching over his children, “a very present help in the time of trouble, and the strength of those who are found putting their trust in Him.” No

wonder then, that she had many to sympathize with her, in the heavy blow which had befallen her; to cheer her on in the path of honest industry, and to encourage her to hope for better things in the future. It had pleased God to bestow upon her one little child, a boy, whose name was John, though generally called by the shepherds of the moor, little Jack. On this child all her earthly affections were fixed, and now that she had lost her kind husband, he was more than ever endeared to her heart, being her sole companion and comfort by day, and the chief subject of her prayers and dreams by night. Indeed, poor little fellow, setting aside all this, he was so peculiarly circumstanced, as to claim more than a common degree of affectionate attention from her; for, alas! from the hour of his birth, poor little Jack was *deaf*, and consequently *dumb*.

She bowed her head in patient submission to the will of God, and though at times she sorrowed deeply at the thought of the present unfortunate condition of her child, and the cheerless and uncertain future before him, still she felt comforted in the reflection, that although

it had pleased the Lord to deny him gifts granted to others, yet the same kind and powerful hand was yet able to bless him abundantly in other ways, making even her poor child's privations to work together for his ultimate good, so that the poor mother was enabled to smile through her tears, and say, with the resigned Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." It was enough that her child was spared to her: that he, notwithstanding his deprivation of speech and hearing, was happy in the fulness of health and spirits, bounding before her on the green sward of the moor, or sporting and playing round her feet, as she sat by her otherwise noiseless and solitary fire-side.

Little Jack, as he was called, was indeed a sweet-tempered, playful, and kind-hearted little fellow, as his fine eyes, open countenance, as well as actions and pursuits, evinced. With the shepherds of the neighbourhood he was a prodigious favourite, as also with their dogs, with whom he was as merry a little playfellow as could be well seen in a summer's day. Hannah Jones, the mother, was a great knitter of gloves, mittens, stockings, and caps, and managed by the aid of

her wheel and distaff, and the sale of the little articles she made, together with the casual charitable assistance of the benevolent and wealthy of the neighbourhood, to provide for the day passing over her head, and to lay a few pence by, occasionally, for the future wants of herself and her child.

The numerous sheep grazing on the moor, leaving a lock of their wool here and there in the furze-bushes and old stunted thorns, those common robbers of the poor sheep, supplied her with wool enough to fill up all her time in gathering it at one time, carding and spinning it at another, and then knitting it for the convenience and comfort of those around, who, whether gentle or simple, were ever ready to purchase stockings, gloves, and mittens, of the widow, poor Hannah Jones.

When her husband met with his melancholy fate, little Jack was in his third year, and was beginning to be useful to his father in tending the little lambs, or, at least, playing with them and the dogs; romping with them about the moor, gathering the more sedate and steady old ewes, their mothers, together towards the evening,

driving them on as well as his little legs would allow him, towards the fold, and carrying, as far as he was able, such of their little offspring as were too young and weak to carry themselves. But little Jack, as if sensible that other duties were required at his hands, very soon after his poor father's death became also a wool-gatherer as well as a play-fellow with the lambs. He had many a time accompanied his mother in her wool-gathering rambles, and had assisted her as well as he was able, in picking up stray locks here and there; and now, he thought, I dare say, within himself, that he could save his mother much trouble in that way, by turning wool-gatherer himself. So, one morning, as soon as breakfast was over, little Jack, as he was wont to do, rambled out by himself to join some of his old friends on the moor, not indeed to play with them, but to collect such locks of their fleecy coats as the old thorns and the furze and gorse-bushes might steal as they brushed by them. He had taken, unobserved by his mother, a bag which she used on her rambles; and to work Jack set in good earnest, determined, if possible, to take home a fine bag full of wool to

his mother. Now, it so happened, that she at that time had scarcely enough by her to complete an order she had received for stockings, by a certain time, and was considering within herself what she should do, or how she should manage to go and collect more; since the time spent in so doing, would consume so much of that allowed her for the completion of her task, as would reduce her to the necessity of sitting up and working nearly the whole of the night, to finish what she had promised to do.

An hour or two had passed away in this state of inquietude, and she was casting over in her mind the great change which had come over her, since the death of her husband: *then*, her wool was kindly provided for her, *now*, she had no one to depend upon but herself in the matter: as for poor little Jack, why, "dear good child as he was, it would be hard, indeed, to expect labour from him, besides he was so young and so weak, that he would be unable to carry the bag of wool even if he were able to fill it." With these thoughts in her mind, and the hope that, at some future day, little Jack would be able to assist her in her simple business of wool-gather-

ing, spinning, and even knitting, she amused and consoled herself, thanking God that he had bestowed such a precious gift upon her, and praying for blessings on his little head, until her last ball of yarn was finished, and she rose up from her task, to go out and collect wool to make another supply of yarn. She went, therefore, to the closet under the stairs, where her wool-bag was usually hung, and was not a little surprised to find it gone.

“How is this?” said she to herself; “why, I most certainly hung it here when I emptied it last. Bless me, can it be that any one has stolen it?—no, certainly not; for my neighbours here are all too honest and too kind to injure any one, especially a poor widow like me; and I have seen no strangers for many days. Can it be,—no, impossible,—that my dear child has taken it to play with;—or, happy thought, to fill it for his poor mother?” As she whispered these surmises to herself, she cast her eyes over the moor, and fancied she saw poor little Jack, or some one very like him, slowly threading the sheep-paths in the distance, with something in appearance like a bag over his shoulders. “Surely,” said she,

“that cannot be my child, my dear, my only boy, labouring under his burden there, and doing that for his poor mother, which she has been unable to do for herself.”—“But it is,” cried she, as she saw him on an open and rising part of the moor, “it is my boy, my poor deaf and dumb boy ! Heaven bless him, how his tender frame staggers under his load ! how cruel in me not to fly to him at once, and smother him almost with a mother’s kisses !” Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, before she might be seen running with all possible haste across the moor, where she soon met him, relieved him of his burden, hugged him in her arms, kissed him, and carried him home on her back, rejoicing, as well she might, that God had provided her with a son in the place of a husband, who would neither desert her in her old age, “nor bring her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.” On reaching home, she found, to her inexpressible delight, that by this labour of his own little hands, and the kindness of the shepherds together, he had provided her with such a well-filled bag of wool, as would save her going from home herself, on the same errand, for many days to come, and enable her,

with ease, to fulfil her promise, and complete her order in the time allowed.

I need not tell you, my children, how delighted both were ; the mother to see such kindness, affection, and forethought in her child ; and the child to feel that he had pleased and served so kind and good a mother. For you cannot be ignorant what your feelings must be when you are conscious of doing that which is pleasing in the sight of your parents, and acceptable to your God, and what the joy of your friends must be when they see in you, children so worthy by their good actions, kind offices, and proofs of affection, of the love and approbation of their parents.

I have before told you, that poor little Jack was deaf and dumb, neither hearing what was said to him, nor able to express his own feelings, wants, or desires. But by long habits of mutual intercourse, he was able to make himself pretty well understood by his mother by signs and gesticulations comprehended by no one else, except his shepherd-friends and their dogs. He also, although a mere child, being naturally quick and sharp, was able to under-

stand almost from a glance of the eye, or the motion of the lips, what was meant by others. The privation, therefore, of speech and hearing, seemed but a small interruption to his happiness at present, for, as you might see him during the long summer day, amusing himself with his young friends, the lambs, playing with the dogs, or plucking wild flowers, and making them into nosegays for his mother, or sticking them in his little straw hat, and every now and then putting a stray lock of wool into his bag, a happier and a better child you could scarcely picture to yourself than was the deaf and dumb boy of the Chilterns, poor little Jack. Still, in many respects, how few and bounded were his enjoyments, compared with those of more favoured children.

He could see, it is true, the blue heavens above, and the green, flowery earth below, the beams of the golden sun, and the fleecy clouds by day, and the moon and the stars by night, but to the sweet song of birds, the hum of creation around, the gentle whisper of the breeze, or the deep-toned thunder of the storm, he was perfectly insensible. The voice of his play-fel-

lows, human or brute, fell senseless on his ear, the sound of the church-going bell, or the merry peal floating over the moor, together with the sweet and soft voice of his mother's lips, were unheard and unheeded by him. He lived but to see and feel ; how to express what he saw or the numerous emotions he felt, poor little fellow, he knew not.

Many, therefore, were the inconveniences he at times met with, and many little untoward accidents and events happened to him, from which others were happily freed, since he was deaf to the warnings of friends, and insensible to their directions and advice. And as regarded his future walk in life, beyond the offices performed by a sagacious brute, he could do, as it were, nothing ; in some respects, he even appeared to be behind-hand with them, for they, even the very shepherd-dogs, had ears to guard them against danger, or at least to announce its approach, whilst poor little Jack could not hear the bark of a dog or the bellowing of a bull, the warning of a friend, or the threats of an enemy. With strangers he could neither be understood himself, nor understand them in

return; whilst even amongst his friends, his attempts to make his feelings or desires known, were oftentimes most painful to himself, and most distressing to others.

Thus, poor little fellow, he might be said to be, but for his mother and a few neighbouring shepherds, their dogs and their lambs, a wanderer in a silent and unintelligible world; a poor unfortunate child, destined to be a burden to his friends, and, as it were, a perfectly useless member of society. All who knew him were very much attached to him; as much by his gentleness of manner, and uniform good conduct, as they were by the sweet simplicity of his looks, and his altogether interesting appearance.

To his mother he was most devotedly attached, watching her very looks, and studying, if possible, to please her in all things. A nod or a beck, a wave of the hand here, or a pointing of the finger there, was sufficient to set his little wits to work to find out what was meant, and merrily did he laugh, and gaily did he leap for joy, when he discovered that he was clever enough to read her wishes in her looks, and her directions in her gestures.

One only inmate of the cottage beside his mother always welcomed him home, and that was his poor father's old shepherd-dog, Trim, an aged and most sagacious animal, the general partner of his meals, adventures, and amusements; his companion abroad, and his play-fellow at home. Between them a very strong and marked attachment existed, and seldom, if ever, were they seen but in company with each other. But for Trim's guardianship, the poor mother would have passed many an anxious hour whilst little Jack was romping with the lambs, or wool-gathering amongst the furze and gorse-bushes, in what might almost be called a wilderness of moor; but with Trim for his guide and protector, she knew well, a kind and good God watching over him also, he was safe, and come what might, she was well convinced that the childishness and infirmities of the one would be amply made up for by the vigilance and sagacity of the other.

His good and fond mother had bought him, in her various visits to the nearest market-town, several toys and books of pictures, and with them he amused himself during the day, when the

rains or storms confined him within, and as each night came on, he might be found sitting by his ever-industrious mother's side, watching the motion of her knitting-pins, smiling in her meek and placid face, or playing with Trim in the chimney corner, or attempting to cut out such pictures or figures in scraps of paper, as his ingenuity suggested, or his skill enabled him to execute.

When his mother took up the old family Bible, the precious gift of some dear departed member of the family, or knelt down by her bed-side, with him by her side, he was patient and still, since he judged by the more than usual seriousness of her air, and the earnestness of her manner, that she was engaged in some exercise or other, which, although far beyond his poor comprehension, was yet of so solemn and sacred a character as to require at least a respite from mirth and playfulness in him.

As to any idea of religion, or the existence of a *Divine power*, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," he was too young, if the power and knowledge had been his, to form any idea at all on the subject, or to think much on such all important concerns.

For, my dear children, you will be grieved, I am sure, to learn that persons afflicted as poor little Jack was, have but little or no idea that there is a Power on high to punish vice or reward piety. They, poor sufferers, never feel that there is a God above who is watching over and around them, protecting their heads from harm, observing and noting down all their actions, and leading their feet in the ways of pleasantness and peace. Nor have they any idea of a future state of existence, when they shall be called to appear before their God in heaven, to give an account of all they may have thought, said, or done on earth. Such, my dear children, was the condition of the poor little deaf and dumb boy of the Chiltern hills, when I first became acquainted with his history; and now, after we have taken our evening repast, by mamma's permission and your desire to hear more concerning him, I will resume the story, and show you some more passages in his eventful life, which I am sure will be most amusing and interesting to you all.



CHAPTER II.

WE are now coming, my children, to a part of our little deaf and dumb friend's history, which is, indeed, of a most interesting nature, and on which the future character of his life completely turns. When I first introduced him to your notice, he was in his third year, as frolicsome and merry-hearted a little fellow as you could well imagine; the sole earthly joy of his widowed mother, and the favourite of all the shepherds, lambs, and sheep-dogs of the neighbourhood.

You must now suppose him to have reached his fourth year, as playful and full of mirth as

ever, but withal a little more wise from thought, and wary from experience. His sole occupation now was gathering wool for his mother, and routing about their little garden, doing almost as much injury in the latter as good, whilst his general amusements were much as before, except that sometimes, instead of joining the young lambs in play, he might be seen assisting the shepherds and their dogs in driving them home and folding them at night, when folding was required for the purpose of counting them, or giving them additional fodder.

Once or twice he had visited the nearest market-town with his mother, where, to his astonishment, he had beheld shops, houses, and streets, carts, carriages, and coaches, together with stalls, toys, and sweetmeats, he had never even dreamt of before.

He had also been once to their village church, nearly two miles from their humble and lonely abode on the moor; had received a gentle pat of the head from the kind and aged minister, a silver sixpence from the good lady who lived at the Hall, and the kind notice and sympathy of all who were aware of his unfortunate condition.

But a circumstance was now to happen, which should effectually alter the character of his existence; a kind Providence had heard the prayers of the widowed mother, and was about to answer them in regarding for good, and that too in a most especial manner, the afflicting and forlorn condition of her orphan boy.

It often happens, my children, that the greatest events of our lives happen, or take their rise, from the most trivial and seemingly unimportant causes, for so doth it please the Author of all good,—

Who moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,—

to cause the most trifling event or circumstance to work for us the greatest measure of good, as if to confound the wisdom of the worldly-wise, and to teach us how little able we are to judge what is best for ourselves, or to accomplish it of and by ourselves if we were.

From walking down this street, or avoiding that; calling on this one, or casually speaking to or rendering a trifling service to another, events may arise, which, though small in themselves, and apparently unworthy of notice at

first, may lead to most astonishing issues in the end: even so with little Jack, as you will soon be pleased to hear. One day in the early part of the Autumn, observing that his poor mother's stock of wool was getting low, our little friend sallied forth with his bag under his arm, and Trim, wagging his apology for a tail, by his side, to beg a few more locks of wool from his friends, the sheep, and the bushes that robbed them. From bush to bush he went attentively along, plucking a tuft here and there, to add to his little stock, and occasionally gathering a wild flower, to stick in the band of his hat or the bosom of his little new jacket, whilst all was as still and silent around him as the grave, though the day was as full of mirth, and as beautiful and bright as ever came out of heaven, as a shepherd would say.

Well, on he went in his laudable employment, collecting all he could from the moor, and the gorse and furze bushes around, and receiving such hands-full and pockets-full of wool from the shepherds, his every-day friends, as they had been kind enough to stow away for him, since he had seen them last.

He had been more than commonly successful that day, and so thought his dog Trim, on whose back little Jack had managed to place his bag like a pack-saddle, and who went doggedly trotting by his side, not altogether in the most amiable temper possible, from the cumbrous and unwieldy nature of the burden he was compelled to bear.

When he had arrived within about a quarter of a mile of his humble home, a gentleman on horseback came briskly across the moor, and passed within a few yards of him, smiling and nodding at him and his dog, as he galloped by.

Scarcely had he gone a hundred yards, before both horse and rider had vanished from little Jack's view, amongst the gorse and broom; and he ran forward, leaving Trim to do as he pleased with his load, to see what had become of the gentleman and his beautiful horse. On reaching the spot, what was his alarm and consternation to see the horse dying, or dead, on the ground, and his rider pale and senseless by his side. To run as fast as his little legs could carry him to the abode of his mother, was his first determination, and off he started, with Trim barking and

leaping by his side, who had managed to rid himself from his burden, to his very great joy and relief.

On reaching home, his poor mother was for a moment too much alarmed to understand his wild gesticulations, or to read in his looks and actions the duty he urgently required at her hands. He, however, very soon made her understand that an accident had befallen some one, and, by his tugging at her gown, sought to hurry her to the poor sufferer's assistance. So, snatching up her bonnet, with a pitcher of water in one hand and little Jack in the other, she, led by him, hurried as fast as she was able to the scene of the shocking catastrophe; on reaching which, what was her grief and dismay, to behold one whose lady had ever been a kind friend to her, extended on the grass, either dead or in a stupor, with his horse near by in a similar condition. Immediately she was on her knees, by the side of the unfortunate gentleman, sprinkling his face with cold water, the only restorative she had by her, and chafing his temples with the palms of her hands, whilst little Jack was as intently looking on as if his

very life depended on his recovery. After a few minutes spent in this way, the poor sufferer gave evident tokens of returning life, by uttering several feeble moans, and gradually unclosing his eyes. His first exclamation was—"Where am I, and what has happened? My brain is sadly confused—Oh! I am dying!"—when he fainted away again; but returning, however, in a short time to himself, on the application of more cold water, and thanking, as well as he was able, the kind hand that pillowed his aching head, he begged her with a low faltering voice, as she valued the life of a fellow-creature, to hasten to the Hall, where he lived, for assistance, for, that he felt some of his limbs were broken by the fall, and a moment's loss of time and medical aid, might be fatal to him.

Hannah Jones lost no time in complying with his wishes, for it was enough that a fellow-creature was in pain and distress to excite her utmost sympathies and exertions: how much more then was she bound to render every possible assistance to the unfortunate sufferer before her, when she beheld in him neither more nor less than the good master of her departed hus-

band, and the still warm friend of herself and orphan boy, Sir Edward Wardour, of Wardour Hall, about a mile and a half distant from the place where the accident happened.

To hasten there, leaving little Jack kneeling by his side, with a pitcher of water in his hand, which she had obtained from a brook near by, was but the work of a short time indeed, to one whose very heart and soul were in the matter. To announce the melancholy event was the affair of but a moment; and before five minutes had elapsed, a double-bodied carriage, with Lady Wardour, Harriet Jones, and a mattress within, and some servants without, was on its way to the scene of the sad catastrophe; whilst messengers were as quickly despatched for medical aid to the nearest quarter. During this interval, little Jack was intently gazing on the pale features of the suffering Baronet, and offering him every attention in his power; who, in return, grasped the little fellow's hand within one of his, and tendered him those thanks, Jack could read in his eyes, but heard not from his lips.

It is needless to attempt to describe the scene

which took place, when the half-distracted Lady Wardour beheld her unfortunate husband in agony on the earth, with the poor little deaf and dumb boy, like a guardian angel, kneeling beside him. Sufficient let it be, that he was soon enabled to be borne on the mattrass to his carriage, a severe contusion of the head, and the dislocation of the left arm, being, fortunately, except a few bruises, the only really serious consequences of the fall and death of his horse ; which were occasioned by the poor animal plunging his feet into a deep rabbits' burrow ; those frequent causes of accidents to those who are fonder of riding over heath and common, hedge, gate or stile, than high-roads, or deep-rutted country lanes.

To Hannah Jones, and her little deaf and dumb boy, thanks and blessings were tendered by all, to say nothing of a purse which the amiable lady thrust into little Jack's hand at parting, with a desire, backed by the suffering Baronet himself, that she and her poor little orphan-boy would not fail to wait upon them at the Hall, as soon as he should be able to see them, of which they should have due and timely notice.

As this introduction of poor little Jack to the

especial notice and attention of the Baronet and his amiable lady, led to a kind offer on their part, which, in the end, completely changed the character of his future life; I must, at the risk of being considered a dull and tedious teller of stories, mention a few matters here, in reference to his helpless condition as a deaf and dumb child, which are necessary to the plan and purpose of my story. For, many persons are of opinion, and you, my children, may, from ignorance, be amongst them, that there is no remedy for such poor unfortunate sufferers as these. I know this is the opinion of some in the present day, who, had they lived perhaps in the days that are past, when science had thrown but little light on the structure and functions of the ear, might have been found acting with those, who, in a mistaken view of kindness towards those poor unfortunates, were actually cruel enough to consent to their being smothered to death, or, what is nearly as bad, shut up within dark and noisome cells, apart from all society and intercourse with the world, as monsters whose very existence was a disgrace to those who were related to them.

Such, I assure you, my children, was their fate in France at one period of its history, although, to the present honour of that country, humanity rejoices to place it amongst the first of those who took compassion on these poor unfortunate creatures; and, if it aimed not at their cure, or the removal of the affliction, certainly improved their condition, by enabling them to express the feelings, desires and emotions of the hearts, by signs and symbols, in the place of utterance. Among those of that country who have made the deaf and dumb the objects of their peculiar care, it would, indeed, be ungrateful in us to forget the labours of the Abbé de l'Epée, and the skilful and successful endeavours to cure, of the no less talented and benevolent Messrs. Itard and Duleau.

In this country, also, science and public benevolence have done much for them in the way of comfort, provision, and instruction, though little has been effected, or even attempted, until of late, as regards their cure.

We have had asylums for many years past, for their reception, tuition, and employment; and private individuals at times, have endea-

voured to instruct them, each in his own peculiar way ; but until the establishment of a Dispensary in London, for diseases of the Ear, I believe but little, indeed, was done to enable the *dumb* to *speak*, by paying, as was just and reasonable, a strict attention to the condition of the ear. You will be grieved to learn, my dear children, that about one in every fifteen hundred persons born in Europe is deaf and dumb ; although of these, according to Mons. Itard, only one fifth, or one in five, is incurably so ; hence, what a necessity exists, if a cure can be effected in youth, that attention should be paid to them as early as may be, that the happiness and well-being of so many may be promoted, who, instead of being burdens on their friends and society, may become comforts to the former, and eminently serviceable to the latter. That many have been cured, that is to say, many who have been born deaf, and consequently dumb, have been enabled to speak, on obtaining the use of their ears, is very certain, “ for,” says the writer before quoted, “ of several cases of *infant* deaf and dumb, which have come under my care, I have the happiness to know, that

these poor children have obtained their hearing and speech*."

I am not going to tell you, that our little friend Jack was amongst those, so cured; I merely wish to inform you, in this part of my story, that the cure of the deaf and dumb is now a matter of certainty, where deafness is duly and properly attended to in childhood, and the organs of hearing are capable of being improved; so that we may indulge a reasonable hope of finding our little Jack, in the end, able not only to hear but to speak; that is to say, if the opportunity of cure be afforded him, of all which you shall hear in its due place and order.

Having said thus much of the possibility of cure, I must now say something of SOUND itself, its nature, and the means which a kind and good Providence has used for conveying it to the brain, or what medical men would call the grand sensorium, or palace of the senses.

Now, my children, desirous as I am to express myself in such terms as may be easily understood by you, yet, I must confess, in giving you a definition of the term Sound, and

* Curtis on the *Physiology and Pathology of the Ear*.

an explanation of the functions of the Ear, I scarcely know how to suit my language to your comprehension, or to my own limited view of the matter. I must, therefore, be content to do the best I can in the way of explanation, under the hope that you will be equally content with it, until you can read and understand more learned works on the subject.

When I tell you, for instance, according to an author before me, that "Sound arises from the undulations which result from any vibrating or sonorous bodies, conveyed to the organs of hearing," you would, perhaps, know as much as our little friend Jack did, when he neither knew nor cared ought about it. I must, therefore, attempt to inform you what it is in a simpler way, if I can.

First, then, let me tell you, but for the air which is present everywhere, and is called the Atmosphere, we should have no knowledge of sound. Secondly, that all substances being struck, vibrate or tremble; and, thirdly, that the air receive these vibrations or tremulous motions of the matter struck, and conveys them in undulations or waves, exactly as the smooth

surface of a pool of water is affected by a stone being thrown into it. The stone strikes the water, and immediately wave after wave arises from the spot and flows in circles around it, to the edges of the pool, where wave after wave striking the shore they lose themselves, are broken, and finally are still. Now, exactly in the same way, sound floats along the air: a bell, for instance, is struck by its clapper, the bell immediately vibrates or trembles, and each vibration of the bell occasions a wave or undulation in the air, and these keep floating on until they strike the ear, or some opposing surface, where they are again reflected or sent back, occasioning what are called Echoes. The velocity or speed with which sound travels is very great, being at the rate of eleven hundred and forty-two feet in one second of time, or about thirteen miles in a minute, a knowledge of which is of great utility and importance to us; for, if a flash of lightning be seen, and about nine seconds after we hear the thunder, it is very clear that the thunder-cloud is at least about two miles off, or nine times eleven hundred and forty-two feet. Thus you see, consolation to some, and the

sense of present security to others, may be drawn from the knowledge of a simple scientific fact like this; however knowledge of this nature may be sneered at by some, or disregarded by others. That air is necessary, nay, essential, to the existence and conveyance of sound, is proved by the simple fact of ringing a bell in the receiver, or glass bell of an air-pump, from which the air is carefully exhausted or excluded; for the bell, however violently shaken, returns no sound to the ear.

Observe a person playing on a violin,—he draws a bow of horse-hair, made rough with resin, across a string of cat-gut, it vibrates, that is, moves to and fro, or backwards and forwards, very quickly, and you hear a sound, which, as the vibration grows less and less, dies away. The difference of sounds, which depends on the different number of vibrations of the sounding string or body in a given time, divides them into those called *bass*, low or grave notes for few and slow vibrations, and those called *high*, shrill or sharp, for vibrations more numerous and quick*. The sounds of the human voice are

* Vide Arnett's *Physics*, vol. ii., p. 505.

the sweetest of all, and are produced by the vibrations of two delicate membranes situated at the top of the windpipe, with a slit or opening, called the *glottis*, left between them for the passage of the air.

The tones of the voice are grave or acute, that is, low or sharp, according to the varying tension or tightness of these membranes, and to the size of the opening. I have said, that air is the medium by which sound is conveyed, but solids also are capable of conveying them, as may be proved in a still and calm night, by applying your ear to one end of a solid beam or block of timber, and getting a person to tap it with a key, or scratch it with a pin, at the other. Savages are aware of this capability of solids for conveying sounds, and so nice is their sense of hearing, that often, by applying their ear to the earth, they will discover the approach of their prey, or discern the advance of a distant enemy.

Nine-tenths of the ridiculous stories we have heard of haunted houses and supernatural noises, have, I dare say, arisen from a simple and natural, though not generally-known fact, like this. One I remember to have read very recently, and will,

therefore, relate it to you, as a proof of the folly and superstition of some people, and the consequences of ignorance in others.

A person, who was very much inclined to be superstitious, slept alone in the upper story of a lofty house, and heard, during the silence of night, a very peculiar noise, at or behind the head of his bed. There was no house adjoining his, nor was there anything going on near him in his own house to account for it, and so he set it down, at once, for a supernatural noise, and therefore, of course, the house was haunted. Accident, however, at last discovered, that, in a hovel built at the bottom and outside of the wall, against which his bed stood, there was a wooden clock hanging, the ticking of which, while all else was still, was conveyed by the wall, and became audible to the startled ears of the poor gentleman aloft, who was thus eased of his fears, and, by a removal of the clock, of his nocturnal disturber also.

Sound travels in water nearly four times as fast it does in air, and in solids five times faster than it does in water : if a person give a blow to

a long wall at one end, whilst you are listening at the other, you will first hear the blow by the wall, and immediately another by the air.

All concave or hollow bodies collect or condense, as it were, the vibrations of sound; a fact known to the ancients, as proved by the dungeons of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, who had the roof of an underground prison so formed, as to collect the words, nay, the very whispers, of the poor prisoners below, and then, by a pipe, convey them to the ears of the cruel tyrant above.

The whispering gallery at St. Paul's, is another proof of the property which concave surfaces possess, of conveying sounds with surprising force and clearness. Arnott, in his *Physics*, a work before quoted, and of which I can scarcely say too much in its praise, mentions a well-authenticated fact also in proof of this. He says the wide-spread sail of a ship, rendered concave or hollow by a gentle breeze, is also a good collector of sound, as the following little anecdote proves.

It happened one day on board a ship, sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of the sight of

land, that the persons walking on deck when passing a particular spot, heard very distinctly, during an hour or two, the sound of bells ringing as in days of rejoicing. All on board came to listen, and were convinced, that the phenomenon was most mysterious.

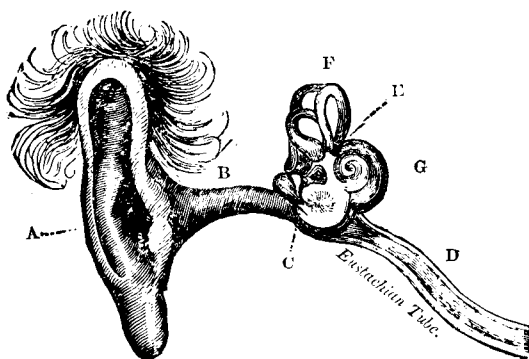
Months afterwards, it was ascertained, that, at the time of observation, the bells of the city of St. Salvador, on the Brazilian coast, had been ringing on the occasion of a festival: their sound, therefore, favoured by a gentle wind, had travelled over perhaps more than a hundred miles of smooth water, and had been brought, as it were, to a focus or centre by the concave sail, in the particular situation on the deck where it was listened to.

The murmur heard by applying a shell to the ear, is also occasioned by the various sounds floating in the air, and otherwise unperceived, crowding as it were into its hollows, from whence they break into a confused murmur on the ear of the wonder-struck listener, who conceits to himself, that he hears the distant murmur of the ocean, of which it had formerly been an inhabitant.

From this simple circumstance, my dear children, we may perceive the wisdom of that *Divine hand*, who fashioned *the hearing ear*, in the peculiarity as well of its external or outside formation, as in its internal beauty and mechanical construction. Nothing could possibly have been devised better for the collection of sound, and in no part of the body could it have been placed so commodiously, or so immediately in contact with the other senses, as in the part it occupies in the human head. This wondrous organ of sensation, I will now attempt to attempt to describe to you, in language as plain and simple as I am able; after which, we will proceed with our narrative of the poor little deaf and dumb boy, uninterruptedly, I hope and trust, to the end; as a reward for your patient attention to all that which you may now consider wearisome and dry; though as necessary to be known to you, as it is laudable and proper in you to endeavour to search out your God in the wonder of his works, and to admire his perfections, and glorify his power and goodness displayed to all the children of men.

In looking at the external ear, you first per-

ceive a curious, yet beautifully-shaped projection, A, like a wide-mouthed tube, or ear-trumpet, for catching and collecting the waves of sound I have before described. In many animals, as, for instance, the horse, ass, and hare, &c., you may perceive it can be moved in the direction whence the sound comes.



Side-view of the Ear.

The sound collected by the external part of the ear, passing along the tube, B, of the ear, or what is called the *auditory passage*, at the bottom falls upon a membrane, c, stretched across the tube or channel like the parchment head of a drum, hence called the *tympanum*, or

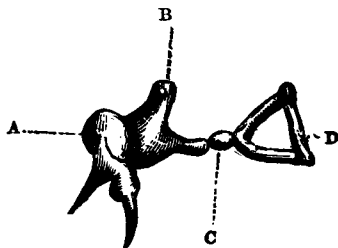
drum of the ear, and causes the membrane to vibrate also. That its motion may be free, the air contained within the drum has free communication with the external air by the open passage, *d*, called the Eustachian tube, (from Eustachius, who first discovered it,) leading to the back of the mouth. A degree of deafness ensues, when this tube is obstructed, as by wax; and a crack or sudden noise, with an immediate return of hearing, is generally experienced, when, in the effort of sneezing, or otherwise, the obstruction is removed.

Many cases, therefore, of deafness, particularly in those who are deaf and dumb, are occasioned, no doubt, by obstacles in this tube, which are remediable or curable only by their removal.

The vibrations of the membrane of the drum, are conveyed farther inwards, through the cavity of the drum, by a curious chain of *four bones*, reaching from the centre of the membrane, to the oval door or window leading into the *labyrinth*. This *labyrinth*, or complex inner compartment of the ear, over which the nerve of hearing is spread as a lining, is full of water; and, therefore, when the face of the lining

membrane of the drum, acting through the chain of bones, is made to compress the water, the pressure, or action, is as instantly felt over the whole cavity.

The labyrinth consists of the vestibule, E, the three semicircular cells or canals, F, imbedded in the hard bone, and a winding cavity called the *cochlea*, G, like that of a snail-shell, in which pipes stretched across, like harp-strings, constitute what is called the *lyra*. The separate uses of these are not yet perfectly known.



The four lesser Bones of the Ear magnified.

The membrane of the tympanum may be pierced, and the chain of bones broken, without entire loss of hearing. The bone containing the cavities of the ear, is the hardest in the body, and is the first formed. The four bones I have just mentioned as assisting in conveying sound

from the tympanum to the auditory nerve, which also conveys it to the grand sensorium, the brain, are, A, the *malleus*, or mallet; B, the *incus*, or anvil; C, the *os orbiculare*, or spherical bone; and D, the *stape*, or stirrup-bone.

In the little engravings before you, they are much magnified, for the purpose of clearness; although placed in their natural order and relative situation with regard to each other.

I will now give you a brief description of them, since, from the beauty of their formation, and the kind and all-important offices they perform for us, how well indeed do they deserve it, and how interesting it must be, to all, to know something of those little instruments which are so necessary to our happiness, and through whose agency, by the favour and blessing of a kind and good God, we are not only enabled to read the thoughts and wishes of others, but also to communicate most freely our own.

The first of these bones, and the largest, is called the *malleus*, or mallet, from its shape: the principal use of this bone is, to act as a lever for enabling the muscles attached to it to increase or diminish the tension or tightness of



The Malleus.

the tympanum or drum of the ear, and so to regulate or modify the vibrations or waves of the air, which strike upon that membrane.



The Incus.

The second bone is the *incus*, or anvil. The head of the *malleus*, just described, is received within a hollow of this bone, which plays or moves in it, as the head of the thigh-bone does in the cup-shaped hollow of the hip-joints: its chief use seems to be, that of a simple conductor of sound.



The Os Orbiculare.

The third bone, or the *os orbiculare*, the spherical bone, is the smallest of all. In shape,

it is nearly round, and serves as a channel or medium of communication with the fourth or last bone.

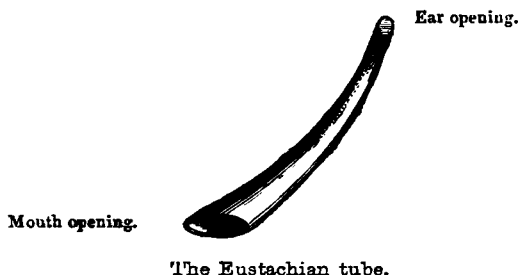


The Stape.

The *stape*, or stirrup-bone, is in shape very similar to a stirrup, hence its name. It is united by its point to the *os orbiculare*, and its use is, to communicate the impulses of the air, or the waves of sound, through the oval window or entrance to the labyrinth: it is, however, perhaps, the most essential of all; for although the others may be destroyed, yet, so long as this remains, the hearing is not entirely lost, or without hope of restoration.

As to the Eustachian tube, leading from the floor or lower part of the tympanum, to the back of the mouth, and its utility, I may be excused, my children, in quoting the words of the learned Dr. Paley, who observes “that it answers the same purpose as the hole in a drum; that it would not have done to have made this cavity a vacuum, as the pressure of the external

air would be liable to burst the membrane; nor yet to have it made to enclose a confined volume or quantity of air, which by contracting and expanding, according to temperature, would have contracted and expanded that membrane so as to have prevented the due performance of its duties; but yet air being required within the cavity, by this safety-pipe every evil was avoided." That it also serves for the convey-



ance of sound is evident from this simple experiment; if the ears be closed, and a piece of wood, a ruler for instance, be inserted between the teeth, and, at the same time, brought into connexion with a musical instrument, a piano, or organ, for example, the moment the instrument is played, the sound will be conveyed by

the wood to the teeth, and from the mouth, by this passage, to the ear itself, and from thence by the auditory nerve, or nerve of hearing, to the brain.

It is also proved by the peculiarity of expression observable in the countenance of one intently listening to an oration, or any startling sound ; whom Spenser, a poet, describes as “lost in gaping wonderment,” and who, as if not satisfied to trust to his ears in the matter, opens his mouth, also, for the reception of sound, and the full gratification of his curiosity.

If you had ever seen the wonderful picture by the celebrated Raphael, of St. Paul preaching at Athens, you could not but have been struck with the expression of intense interest and attention which the skilful and observing painter of nature has thrown into the countenances of many of the auditors, who, leaning forward with open ears and mouths, seem determined, if possible, to catch every word as it falls from the mouth of the inspired apostle.

Such, my dear children, is the best account I am able to give you of the human ear, and such the beauty and wondrous mechanism displayed

in that organ so essential to our comfort in every way, and so eminently conducive to our due and proper enjoyment of the varied blessings divinely scattered around us in the path of our earthly wayfare. Without the faculty which this organ bestows upon us, how more than wretched were our lot; deprived of it from infancy, we should be mute and melancholy wanderers in a still and soundless world, unconnected, as it were, with our fellow-creatures, and all insensible to the sympathies of humanity, the melodies of nature, or the tender breathings of affection and fond commiseration. “A remarkable instance,” says the experienced writer* before quoted, “of the leading influence of this sense is recorded in the French Memoirs, and quoted by the Count de Buffon, in which the want of hearing seemed even to prevent the very developement of the mind.

“A young man of the town of Chartres, aged twenty-four, who had been deaf from his birth, began, all at once, to speak, to the astonishment of every one who knew him.

“He informed his friends, that, for three or

* Vide Curtis on the Ear, &c.

four months before, he had heard the sound of bells, and that he was extremely surprised at this new and unknown sensation.

“ Some time after, a kind of humour issued from his left ear, and then he heard distinctly with both. During these three or four months he listened to everything, and, without attempting to speak aloud, accustomed himself to utter softly the words spoken by others. He laboured hard in acquiring the pronunciation of words, and in learning the ideas annexed to them. At length, thinking himself qualified to break silence, he declared he could speak, though still imperfectly. Soon after, he was interrogated by some able divines concerning his former condition.

“ The principal questions turned upon God, the soul, and moral good and evil ; but of these subjects he seemed to have not the *smallest* conception.

“ Born of Catholic parents, and having attended mass, and been instructed to make the sign of the cross, and to assume all the external marks of devotion, he yet comprehended nothing of their real import. He had formed

no distinct idea of death, and existed purely in an animal state ; wholly occupied with sensible objects, and with the few ideas he had acquired by the eye, he drew no conclusions from them. He did not want ability ; but the understanding of a man, when deprived of the intercourse of society, has so little exercise or cultivation, that he thinks only when sensible objects intrude themselves on his mind. The great source of human ideas is the mutual intercourse of society."

Having said thus much, my children, on the ear, its beauty of formation, its utility to man, and its immediate and direct connexion with the faculty of speech, and proved to you, I hope, how great a blessing may be conferred on the youthful deaf and dumb by an early attention to the obstructed functions or offices of the ear, where no real malformation or irregularity of structure or formation exists, we will now proceed in the following chapter to a continuation of my rambling story ; for really we have deserted our poor little deaf and dumb friend Jack for a most unreasonable time, though, I hope, not without benefit and amusement to us all.

We left him, as you remember, on his return home with his good mother, from the scene of a catastrophe, which, painful in the beginning, proved altogether, as we shall find, most beneficial to him in the end. And we shall now find him hunting about with that lazy dog Trim at his heels, for the bag of wool he had managed to shuffle from his back. This, by his mother's aid, was soon discovered, and for Jack's amusement, and Trim's punishment, though very much against his will and inclination, was again placed across his back, and so carried, in a very grumbling sort of way, to the lowly abode of humble piety and meek content. And here, after knowing that our friend little Jack received no small reward in the shape of kisses and caresses from his delighted mother, we will leave him, until a fresh chapter may afford us ample room and space for a further acquaintance with his interesting and eventful history.



CHAPTER III.

Good actions, my dear children, invariably carry with them their own and just reward : first, in the inward comfort and satisfaction they yield us from the sense of our having performed a Christian's part, and next, from the pleasing hope that, in the performance of this duty, we have not only done what is serviceable to man, but grateful and acceptable in the sight of God.

It was, therefore, with no small degree of heartfelt pleasure,—the pleasure, I mean, arising from the simple act of doing good, that Hannah Jones and her little boy returned to their home ;

this was considerably increased by the conviction that, in rendering succour to the unfortunate sufferer in question, she had been enabled, although in a small degree, to evince her gratitude towards one who had ever been a kind benefactor to her and her child.

But her reward was not to end here,—the kindness of herself and child had also been observed by an Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps,—the eye of her Father in Heaven; and from this event, so lamentable to one in particular, He was about to work such a change in their prospects and condition as should conduce most materially to their welfare, and the promotion of His own glory. Day after day, good tidings were conveyed to her from the Hall, and, if ever prayers were answered, her's for the safe and speedy recovery of her benefactor, and the well-being of her child, were heard in heaven, and answered and fulfilled on earth. A week had now elapsed since the unfortunate accident, when one evening, just as they had finished their frugal repast, and little Jack was about to prepare for bed, a servant from the Hall announced the pleasing intelligence that the good

Baronet was now so far recovered as to wish to thank them in person, the following day, for the kind offices they had rendered him.

With a soul full of peace and joy, and prayer and praise, did Hannah Jones retire that night to her humble chamber ; and with a heart warm with hope, and full of comfort, did she rise from her slumbers on the morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

THE events now in progress were of too important a character to allow Hannah Jones to take even her ordinary portion of rest. Accordingly, she was up and stirring with the earliest birds, and Jack was dressed in his best almost before he was fairly awake.

The morning was calm and beautiful, and all things, even to the inanimate objects of creation, appeared to wear a bright and cheering aspect: and the faithful Trim seemed to partake of the general feeling of joy and gladness.

Well, forth they sallied on their expedition, leaving Trim, very much to his evident dissatisfaction and annoyance, the sole guardian and tenant of the cottage; and, after an hour's delightful walk, arrived at the old ancestral hall of their friend and benefactor.

They were now ushered into a room, where, on a sofa, lay the convalescent Baronet, with his Lady sitting busily employed at a table near by.

After many kind inquiries on the part of Hannah Jones, and as many warm and grateful acknowledgements from the Baronet and his Lady, he beckoned little Jack, who was lost in silent wonder at the splendour before him, to his side. Desiring a seat might be placed for him, he took him by the hand, and pressing it most kindly and cordially, opened the intentions of his heart towards the anxious mother, and the dear little fellow who had been, through a kind Providence, so instrumental in the preservation of his life.

He began by assuring her, that, although he might take blame to himself that he had not noticed the widow and orphan child of an old and valued servant more, yet he had always felt kindly disposed towards her, and that, happen what might to him, he had made such arrangements, a long time ago, in regard to them both, but particularly her helpless child, as would have placed them beyond the possibility of want in the future.

This he had done as a point of duty, long before his sad accident happened; but now that he was so much their debtor for the good services they had rendered him, he felt called upon, in

gratitude to God, and duty towards them, to effect something more for them both than he had before designed ; especially as he saw, or fancied he saw, in her child, that promise of future excellence, which, could anything be effected in the way of relief from the great privations he suffered, might make him, indeed, a highly-useful and respectable member of society.

He then informed her, whilst tears of joy glistened in her eyes, and hope fluttered round her heart, that those distressing visitations, such as poor Jack laboured under, were not entirely hopeless, or without remedy. That many eminent medical men, of great skill and knowledge, now made the diseases of the deaf and dumb objects of peculiar study and attention ; and that, particularly when the patients were young, perfect cures were frequently effected by the scientific means now employed. If, therefore, she would consent to spare the boy for a time, Sir Edward said he would take him to London, and place him, at his own expense, under the care of an eminent Aurist, providing, in the mean time, for the little patient, until either a cure should be effected, or his case should be pro-

nounced hopeless. That, in the event of the latter being unfortunately the case, he would place him in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, where he would be enabled to express himself by signs, be taught to write, if not to read, and be learned some business, whereby he might be able, in the end, to provide for himself, and materially assist and comfort her.

During his absence, for it was very natural that, in losing her sole companion, her dear and darling boy, she would feel very lonely and dull, the good Baronet proposed, that she should live at the lodge with poor old Jacob, who, having recently lost his aged wife, was much in want of one to keep house for him. He concluded his kind offer, by informing her that the pension he had intended for her at some future day, should commence from the day she removed into the lodge, which he wished might be the one on which they left the Hall for town; and that, so far from expecting any duties in return, beyond that of keeping poor old Jacob's rooms comfortable and tidy, he should neither wish to interfere with her gathering of wool, or her knitting, but recommend her to continue her

useful and profitable occupation, although he believed she would find he had made ample provision for her food and clothing.

He concluded, by wishing her not to act on the impulse of the moment, but to weigh the matter over in her mind, and to inform him as early as possible of her determination, as they were very shortly going to town, and would take little Jack in the carriage with them.

What Hannah's feelings were, on receiving this unexpected and overwhelming announcement, it would be impossible to describe. Tears flowed down her cheeks, whilst her tongue refused its office, as the feelings of affection and duty struggled within, and alternately prevailed.

She thought of the desolate and afflicted condition of her child, of the kind friends God had thus raised up for him, of the possibility of his being restored to her in the full possession of those faculties now denied to him, and duty told her that she ought to make every possible sacrifice for his welfare. Then, again, she thought that he might be absent for years from her tender care and maternal anxiety; that he would be

among strangers, where none could read his looks, or understand the expression of his feelings and desires. How necessary, too, did she feel him to be to her happiness; and, deprived of her husband, what had she in the world to live for but him; and how much she would suffer in the bereavement of her child.

Thus thought Hannah Jones, even as she loved, and, for a moment, her good sense seemed to falter. She turned her face on her beautiful, but unfortunate boy, as he sat patiently, though half alarmed, looking anxiously upwards in her pallid face, with his little hand fast clasped in that of the good Baronet; whilst the sweet and gentle voice of his lady fell upon her ear and heart. The kind lady assured her that she “sympathized with her most truly, in this her hour of trial, but that she would be a mother to her absent child, and that no comfort or attention he might require should be withheld.”—Hannah could no longer resist the claims of duty and gratitude, but clasping her hands together, and looking up to heaven, whilst tears, such as mothers only shed, flowed down her cheeks, meekly sighed, “Not my will, but thine, O

Lord, be done." Having thus been strengthened to the conflict, and enabled to conquer herself, she confusedly faltered out her deep and full sense of the kindness intended both to herself and her child, and the overflow of her gratitude towards them, together with her perfect acquiescence with their truly benevolent and friendly wishes. Thus she resigned her dear, her only child, to the future care and protection of those whom God, the husband indeed of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, had made the blessed instruments of his kindness, love, and mercy to both.

It was then arranged, as the family were about to leave Wardour Hall for town in about a fortnight, that little Jack should go up in the carriage with them; and that, to render the trial of parting less severe and sudden to both, he should in the mean time spend a day, and occasionally a night, at the Hall. Their old and faithful servant Thomas, who was going to town with them, and to whom Jack was much attached, was his constant companion, and was thereby enabled to become acquainted with the silent language of the little dumb boy, a lan-

guage only thoroughly understood by his mother. So long as the family remained in town, which might be some six or eight months, Jack was to be a resident beneath their roof, Thomas showing him the wonders of London, and visiting with him daily the medical gentleman to whose care he was to be entrusted. Such arrangements as these could not fail to be in every way pleasing and consolatory to the poor widow. With a heart overflowing with gratitude, but in which joy and grief strove for mastery, she endeavoured to express the feelings which became her, and prayed for blessings on the heads of her benefactors, and, with her child, hand in hand, departed for her home, laden with presents, both of food and clothing, which the kind Lady Wardour bestowed upon the poor shepherd's widow, and her deaf and dumb child.

The intervening period was spent by the widow in prayer, and preparations for her dear child's departure. Sorrow, it is true, for the trial which awaited her, and the bereavement she was about to experience, cast a shade over her placid mind, and at times she would regard her child with a look so fixed and full of affec-

tion, as seemed to imply a fear, that she was looking upon his beautiful countenance for the last time. Still there was, at the bottom of all this, a firm and undying confidence in the hand that was thus trying her for her good, which filled her with hope that all would yet be well. A sacrifice was required of her, and, come what might, most religiously should it be made, since the happiness of her child demanded it.

You see, my children, in this example of poor Hannah Jones, not only the force of that affection which resides in the heart of parents towards their children, but the strength and support which religion affords its disciples, when they are tried in the school of affliction, and chastened for their good.

As for little Jack, he, poor fellow, knew but little, and surmised still less, respecting the changes then taking place in his circumstances and condition. Still he seemed puzzled, mightily puzzled, not only at the cause of his visit to the Hall, but at Thomas's coming for him at various times, idling away the whole day with him in his old moorland shepherd haunts, and occasionally at night making him,

at first to his evident grief and astonishment, the sharer of his bed-room. Little Jack at first was confounded, fairly confounded, at all this ; but as these visits to the Hall grew more and more frequent, and his intercourse with its inmates, not excepting the good Baronet and his amiable Lady, increased, he ceased to wonder, and seemed like one in a dream.

The time at length arrived, when it was necessary for the poor mother to endeavour to inform his mind on the subject. How she effected this, or whether she accomplished her wish in the matter at all, I know not ; but one thing was evident, from his gravity of manner, his hanging about his poor mother more than usual, and his frequent caresses of poor old Trim, he seemed to suspect that something like a separation was near at hand. When that day came, the separation was well managed by all parties, though it was sufficiently evident, that both mother and child felt it most deeply.

The farewell trial was but brief, in pity to both. Little Jack in his new clothes, whirled away in a carriage, with his kind protectors by his side, was too much engrossed by the novel

and delightful kind of conveyance, and the trees, buildings, houses, and villages, as they hurried by them, to think very long or deeply on the moor and the cottage, the shepherds, and the lambs, and the dogs, he had left behind him, although he now and then looked grave, when he thought of his kind mother, and his faithful Trim.

Hannah herself was as busy as a woman could well be, in removing her few articles of furniture from her cottage on the moor, to her new residence, the lodge. When, however, she packed up some of poor little Jack's toys, or when she removed the roots and plants from his favourite nook in the garden, tears came into her eyes, and faintness over her heart, and she would sit down and weep amid the solitude and silence around her. Trim, for his part, seemed to look wistfully in her face, as if to say—"What does all this mean, and where is my little playfellow?"

Jacob, at the lodge, was an aged and kind-hearted man, and warmly did he welcome her to her new abode. He said so many kind and encouraging things to her, and offered her so

many kind attentions, that, when evening was come, and Hannah Jones looked round her warm and comfortable room, and Jacob came in as her visiter, to cheer her up, as he said, and offer her some of his favourite beverage, his boasted old October, she felt how much she had yet to be thankful for. She was indeed happy in the belief, that all things would work together for good; and that although she was tremblingly sowing the seeds of hope, yet in due season she should reap an abundant harvest of joy, *if she fainted not.*

It would be a needless waste of your time, to describe our little friend's journey to town, his wonder at the sights on the road, the kind attentions he received from his travelling companions, especially Thomas, his now almost father, who watched, at every stage, his very looks, and seemed to make himself half miserable about him from mere sympathy.

A letter very soon arrived at the Hall, announcing their safe arrival in town, with a special message to poor Hannah, assuring her of the health and happiness of her child.

Thus all things went on pleasantly; Hannah

was resigned and comfortable in her new abode, knitting and spinning, and otherwise labouring usefully in her vocation, from “morn till dewy eve.” Old Jacob would often enliven her, when dull, with some merry story of by-gone days, or some choice and favourite often-told anecdote, respecting his excellent master and mistress.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE JACK was now wandering over the streets in the West-end of London, to see sights, with Thomas, as his friend, interpreter, and companion, and daily growing more and more in favour. His kind friends and benefactors, having no children of their own, were almost lavish in their attentions towards him; whilst he, in the best manner he was able, testified his love and gratitude towards them in return. But at times the poor child would look suddenly grave and sorrowful, as if at the moment he missed *one* who was more to him than all the splendour, gay sights, and kind friends he had met with in town; occasionally, too, when Thomas visited his little playfellow's couch, he could see, by the traces of tears on his little rosy cheeks, that "the poor little rogue," as he feelingly said, "he dared to say, had been thinking about home and his poor mother, and had sobbed himself to sleep."

Whilst little Jack and his comrade were sight-seeing and forming their town-habits, Thomas being quite as much of a child in his way as Jack himself, and quite as fond of picture-shops, and Punch and Judy shows, and barrel-organs, and dancing-dogs, and Bavarian broom-girls, which fill the streets of London, the good Sir Edward and Lady Wardour were making inquiry as to the best means of providing for the cure of their little *protégé*.

At length they proceeded to the residence of a Surgeon-Aurist, and stated to him the case of the deaf and dumb orphan boy. For some time, the Doctor did little more than regard the boy's actions and manner of behaviour, as any other person might have done, conversing all the while with the Baronet and his Lady as to his health and his habits of life. This was done, in order that a personal examination might give the patient no alarm, or excite any suspicion in his mind that he was about to be roughly handled by his new friend.

After a time, the doctor began to play with Jack, taking him on his knee, tickling him, and, to his great astonishment and inexpressible

delight, seeming almost as much of a child as he was himself. But this was kindly and designedly done by the Aurist to ingratiate himself into the child's favour, and to gain his confidence. This effected, he opened his mouth, as if in fun, and looked into it; then felt his head, and, lastly, gave a deep and searching glance into his ears, as if to determine whether there was any appearance of malformation there externally, or, as far as he could ascertain, internally also.

To his great joy and satisfaction, nothing of the kind was apparent, and his conclusion was, that, for anything he could then see to the contrary, the poor child was *curable*. Certain obstacles to hearing probably existed, he said, in the inner chambers of the ear, which were capable of being removed by medical aid; or the impediment might be in the Eustachian tube itself, which a few daily visits would enable him to discover, and in due time remove.

All this was very satisfactory to Sir Edward, who, after expressing his confidence in the skill of his adviser, and recommending little Jack to his especial care and attention, departed well

pleased with his visit; though Jack himself would have been very happy to have spent another hour or two with his new friend and playmate.

Another visit and another, was paid; fresh inspections took place, and the deaf and dumb boy began to perceive that something more than mere play called him there. He began, however, to look rather shy at his now somewhat suspected friend, and to be more willing to play with the cat than to allow the doctor to poke about his ears, and pry into his mouth in the peculiar and altogether unaccountable manner he had become accustomed to do.

But, after a time, all this was got over, and he became quite reconciled to his visits, medicines, and treatment, although he wondered what it all meant. Oftentimes he wished himself back again with his poor mother, who never visited his ears with anything but a soft flannel and brown soap, in the way of a thorough good washing.

Thomas was his daily companion to the Aurist's, and, as he well knew he could take no

harm with him at his side, he was content, poor child, to submit to any examination or mode of treatment necessary. Occasionally, the Baronet and his Lady called to learn what probability there was of a cure being effected. The Aurist gave it as his opinion, that no malformation or irregularity in construction of the organs of hearing existed, that the impediments which really did exist, had they been noticed and attended to earlier, would, in all probability, have been removed, but as the infirmity was of long standing, so a long time, he feared, would be necessary to establish a perfect cure, which he believed was quite practicable, if not altogether certain.

This cheering intelligence was regularly communicated to the anxious mother, whose hope became stronger from time to time, that the sacrifice she had made had not been offered in vain, but that her dear child would return to her arms, no longer the deaf and dumb boy of the Chiltern hills, but the *hearing* and *speaking* child of an ever-grateful and rejoicing mother. Six months, however, had now passed away, and that, too, without any positive good being

effected, still, as the Surgeon asserted, there was yet no cause for despair.

Little Jack, during all this time, though often sighing for his mother, the cot on the moor, the lambs, and his dog Trim, had plenty to amuse him; he had toys, books, and pictures; walks here, and pretty sights there, with Thomas at his elbow. So attached, indeed, had Lady Wardour become to him, that she became his instructress, by means of the picture-books, designed by one eminent in his profession as a teacher of the deaf and dumb, by signs and symbols.

The Spring was now come, and the parks and squares began to put on their livery of green, and sweet voices were crying, "Buy my pretty bouquets," or rather "bow-pots," through the streets of London; and fancy fairs, and fêtes champêtre, began to be held; and the Beulah Spa opened its gates wide to the visits of charity. Thomas and his little friend Jack were not backward in availing themselves of the fine weather for seeing all that could be seen in the now gay and *flowery* metropolis and its suburbs.

To one of these public exhibitions, in the cause of charity, little Jack was taken, and I am sure you will be rejoiced, my dear children, that it was not in vain, as you will soon have the pleasure of hearing.

Now, little Jack, although, notwithstanding all that had been done for him, he remained quite deaf, was not a little pleased to stand in the vicinity of a band of music, watching the performers, admiring their scarlet uniforms and bright brass instruments, and leaping with very joy as the black musicians flourished the cymbals over their heads, or lustily thumped the big drums. It seemed to him, as if they did all this for mere fun and pastime, since he was as insensible to the knowledge of sound as the very cymbals and drums themselves.

He had, in his love for sights of this kind, insensibly drawn the worthy Baronet in close contact with one of the bands of the Guards, who were executing a piece of martial music, when, towards the conclusion, just as a grand crash of clarionets, trumpets, horns, trombones, cymbals, serpents, and drums, was made, little Jack began to leap and frisk about, apparently

in great pain and alarm, and to such an extraordinary degree, that the astonished Baronet, with Thomas to assist, could scarcely hold him. So fearfully was the poor child excited, that he was well nigh beside himself; and, uttering a most piercing shriek, whilst tears trickled from his eyes, he fainted away, and was taken into a booth, where every possible assistance was rendered him. It was clear that the burst or crash of music had excited the dormant faculty of hearing; that, indeed, the vibration of sound had so powerfully acted on the delicate organs of the ear, already prepared and stimulated to action by the judicious treatment of the Aurist, that the sense of hearing had been conferred upon him, as it were, in a moment. Such was its startling effect, that for a time he lost all self-command, and became as one frantic and frightened, by the evident possession of a sense, of which he was before entirely ignorant and unconscious.

To describe the joy of the good Baronet were an impossibility, for he, in truth, was almost as distracted with pleasure, as the child was with that which had been to him pain. Thomas, who

saw from the child's altered manner, and evident state of alarm, that *he heard*, was anxious to remove him to the carriage, and at once take him home; a suggestion with which his delighted master immediately complied. During his ride home, the poor child sat on the Baronet's knees, with his little hands closely pressing on his ears, as if to exclude sounds which had come upon him so sudden and unexpectedly; and on reaching the Baronet's residence, a note was despatched requesting the instant attendance of the Surgeon.

How great was his joy, when informed of what had taken place, and how glad was he to declare, on examination of the child, and from observation of his altogether altered manner, that poor little Jack *was no longer deaf!* that, indeed, in a very short time his little patient would also be able to prove by his own mouth that *he was no longer dumb.*

Administering, therefore, a gentle sedative, and requesting that he might be put into a bed-room as retired as possible from all noise, he left him for the night.

On the following morning when he awoke,

the same expression of fear was on his countenance, and every slight sound moved him, a proof that he had neither forgotten the shock which his senses had received on the previous day, or relapsed into deafness during the night. When the Aurist again called upon him, he was highly delighted to find his little patient sensible to sounds; indeed, so much so, as now to warrant him in pronouncing a cure as certain.

To assist the now active functions of the ear became the continual aim of the Surgeon, and the progressive improvement of the patient showed the judiciousness of his mode of treatment. If Jack was a merry-hearted child before, how much were his enjoyments increased, when he could now

Hear the sweet music of speech,
And start at the sound of his own ;

though in tones as yet unintelligible to him.

His progress towards a perfect cure was now rapid. Before a month had passed, he began to imitate sounds, and was enabled to pronounce a few words, which he did with such evident pleasure to himself, and in such a ridiculous

and parrot-like manner, knowing as yet but little as to their sense or meaning, as to excite the mirth of all who heard him.

Sir Edward Wardour was desirous of taking the boy back into the country for a short time, in order that his mother might be a personal sharer in the pleasure experienced by all in little Jack's progress towards a perfect cure.

All things being at length ready for their departure, little Jack was in a perfect transport of joy, at the idea that he was so soon to see his dear mother, a piece of intelligence now easily communicated to him.

No previous notice of the intended journey was, however, sent to the Hall, as Sir Edward and Lady Wardour wished to reach home in the evening, and to leave little Jack unexpectedly as they passed the lodge.

To describe the little fellow's joy during the journey, indeed I may say the joy of the whole party, were an impossibility: suffice it to say, that, after many hours of pleasant travelling, the party reached the lodge some hours after its inmates had retired to rest. By tapping gently at Jacob's window, he was soon awoke, and desired

to open the gate for the carriage, as gently and with as little noise as possible. This done, Lady Wardour alighted from the carriage, and taking little Jack by the hand, led him gently into the room where his mother was reposing in a soft and placid slumber. Cautioning him as well as she could, to be quiet, she placed him on the bed-side, and then made him whisper, "Mother!" into her ear. This he was now able to do, for as he knew the meaning of the word, and loved it for that very meaning's sake, he had practised it over not a few times to himself, since he had obtained the blessing of speech.

No sooner had he whispered "Mother!" than her ears caught the strange, and to her, new and unaccustomed sound. She awoke, and fixed her delighted eyes upon the little object of her affection, exclaiming, as she clasped him in her embrace, "Oh! merciful heaven, can it be my own dear, dear child that is thus returned to bless his mother!"

Thus did all the mother speak in poor Hannah Jones, whilst she half smothered her child with kisses, warm and affectionate as his own,

and he nestled in his mother's breast, too delighted to say aught but, "Oh, my mother, my dear mother."

On the following morning, all was joy at the Hall, and transport and delight at the lodge. The amiable Baronet and his Lady were welcomed home by the congratulations of their numerous household and village dependants, and the bells of the parish church rang out a merry peal on the occasion. Not the less warm was this rejoicing, that the good benefactors of the neighbourhood had returned in health and safety to their rural home ; and that, through the blessing of God, they had brought the deaf and dumb boy of the Chilterns home, relieved of his infirmities, and, by their benevolence, placed above the reach of want.

As for Hannah Jones, she was up and stirring with the earliest birds of morn, now looking at and admiring her sleeping child, and then, with hands clasped and raised to Heaven, offering up her praises to Almighty God, for the mercies bestowed upon her and her happy boy, and calling down blessings on his benefactors.

She was indeed too happy to be still, and was

in a continual fidget, bustling about the house, and even rousing poor Jacob, long before his accustomed time, to be a partaker with her of the cup of joy which had fallen to her lot. And what was her joy, when little Jack opened his eyes with astonishment at the scene around him, calling to mind something of the events of the preceding night, cried out, "Mother, dear mother." How quick she was in hurrying to his apartment,—how closely she embraced him, and hearing that new, and oh, how sweet voice, how she wept with joy and gratitude, whilst little Jack was too much affected by this happy, happy meeting, to know what to do, except to cry with her, for very joy and companionship also. As for poor old Trim, he was leaping and barking about the house, as if he were unwilling any one should be pleased but himself; now on the bed, wagging his stumpy apology for a tail, and licking his little friend's hands and face, and then off again, furiously running about the house, upsetting poor old Jacob's moveables, and putting his favourite cats to flight, by his extraordinary gambols, and, to them, most unbecoming and turbulent conduct.

Poor old Jacob, also, was not a little pleased at the return of his favourite, and in such *blessed plight*, as he said; and was equally as busy in setting out the breakfast-table, as Hannah was in dressing her beautiful boy, smoothing his hair, and listening to his sweet voice, as he faltered out the few words he could pronounce. They were words of love and affection, and therefore well understood by both.

Breakfast over, Hannah Jones with her Jack, hand in hand, trudged off most merrily to the Hall, and there, what kisses and kind words welcomed little Jack, and how many shakings of hands and warm congratulations greeted the delighted widow, both of whom seemed to be walking, as it were, in a dream, and acting a part altogether new and unknown to them.

Admitted to the smiling Baronet and his Lady,—whilst little Jack, to Hannah's evident dismay at *such a liberty*, ran forward to seize the Baronet's extended hand, and bury his little face, streaming with tears of joy and gratitude, in the lap of the amiable Lady Wardour,—she, poor creature, fell on her knees at their feet,

and poured forth a mother's blessings on their heads, in such fervid and affecting language, (the touching language of nature,) as I am totally at a loss to describe, or duly convey.

After a few minutes thus spent in mutual delight, kind welcomings, blessings, prayers, and joyous congratulations, a further disclosure of their intentions in favour of little Jack took place, and was as gratefully received and acknowledged by the confiding and overjoyed Hannah as the former. The Baronet began, by assuring her, that, although they had succeeded to a certain extent in relieving Jack's deafness, and enabling him, therefore, to speak, still much remained to be done ; and that he and his Lady were determined, from the regard they entertained towards both, and the strong and even affectionate desire they had to promote the richly deserving little Jack's welfare, to take him with them again to town, some months hence, that he might have the benefit of his friend the Aurist's further advice, until a perfect cure was established. In the mean time he proposed to place him with a clerical friend, for the purpose of education ; in order that, as his

knowledge of words increased, so also his ideas might be expanded, and his talents brought into active and beneficial exercise.

He also proposed, that, until they left for town, little Jack should reside with her at the lodge, visiting them at the Hall whenever he pleased, and resuming his intercourse with the shepherds of the moor at his leisure. To all this poor Hannah most readily and gratefully assented, and, taking our little friend by his hand, who seemed half loth to leave them, returned to the lodge, as happy and delighted a mother and child, as ever trod the peaceful valleys of the Chilterns. On reaching the lodge, little Jack was delighted to find his kind friend and foster-parent Thomas there, with his little portmanteau full of clothes and other necessities. The good old man was, indeed, almost as pleased to see the child as his mother, being very warmly attached to him.

With Hannah's aid, they soon managed to empty the portmanteau of its contents; and now, little Jack began to open, with great glee, a large packet deposited in one of its corners; containing articles more valued by him than all

his own stock of apparel and pretty toys, even presents for his old and valued friends, the shepherds and kind neighbours around, not forgetting his dear, dear mother. For, my children, so gratefully disposed was little Jack's heart, that, although absent from so many he loved and esteemed, yet did he not forget them; and therefore, whenever he received any little present in money, he generally contrived, with Thomas to assist him, to turn it into some little article which might be an acceptable present to the friends he had left behind him. Thus, he had brought a nice little, well-filled work-box for his delighted mother; a handsome-looking and capacious tobacco-box, for his friend Jacob; a Bible, with large print, for poor old Shepherd Smith; a handsome knife for Master Tomkins; a snuff-box, crammed with snuff from London, for the aged Widow Thorpe; a warm comforter for poor old Robin the gardener, besides many other little matters for other friends of his, too numerous to be mentioned now. These he took an early opportunity of distributing himself; after his dear good mother had seen them all, approved of

his selection, and blessed him for thinking so kindly, not only of her, but of all those to whom he was so much and deeply indebted, for numerous past kind attentions.

I need not say how heartily he was welcomed by all, not so much, though, for the kind presents he brought with him, but that he had returned to them the same merry, kind-hearted little creature and companion as before; and, through the blessing of God on the kind endeavours of his friends at the Hall, relieved from those infirmities which, in by-gone days, had rendered him the peculiar object of their pity and compassion. Nor need I tell you, my children, how happy Hannah Jones was, in accompanying him in his rambles, and in proving to his wonder-struck friends, that he could not only *hear*, but *speak* many words as plain as they could themselves.

CHAPTER VI.

WE must now, as sportsmen would say, take a flying leap over several years of our young friend's life, during which we must suppose him laudably and industriously employed in making up, as far as he was able, for the time he had seemingly lost, whilst labouring under his past infirmities, by acquiring all the knowledge in his power. We must no longer regard him as the poor little deaf and dumb boy of the Chil-terns, the companion of shepherds and their dogs, the riotous young playfellow of lambs and sheep, or the gatherer of their wool ; but as a smart and intelligent youth, full of life and energy, the pride and comfort of his mother, and the grateful object of regard to his kind and amiable benefactors.

His education having been finished, he was placed, by his benevolent friend the Baronet, in the office of an attorney, as an articled clerk, where, during the term of his clerkship, he con-

ducted himself so much to the satisfaction of his master, that at the expiration of his time he was desirous of retaining him, either as leading clerk in the office, or as a kind of partner ; but Providence had designed another course for him, as you will very soon be glad to learn.

Amiable, kind, and benevolent, as his friend the Baronet was, yet he had, like all other mortals, his faults and foibles. Too kind of heart to injure, or think evil of any one, he believed all the rest of the world to be equally well-disposed with himself, and therefore was too often the prey or the victim of the cunning and overreaching. Besides this, he was no man of business, and ever much more inclined to intrust his concerns to others than to look into and conduct them himself. This, my children, is a great and serious defect in the characters of many in the world, and the certain origin of much pain and misery. You may depend upon it, that no one is so efficient a promoter or preserver of your interests and welfare as you yourselves may be ; for, if your affairs are not of sufficient importance in your own eyes, to render your earnest attention to them necessary,

you will find but very few of your friends disposed to trouble their heads about them.

Æsop, the great fabulist of old, did not lose sight of the folly of leaving to others what it was expedient that we should do for ourselves, when he wrote for our warning and instruction, his fable of the Lark and her young ones. The old bird was in no hurry to leave her nest with her little ones, so long as the farmer left the reaping of his field to the expected assistance of his friends; but when those friends came not, and, all hope of other aid failing, he came to the determination of setting about the work himself, then the wise parent knew that it was time for them to take their immediate departure.—“Come, my children,” said she to her little nestlings, “it is high time for us to go now, for I hear our friend the farmer say, he will no longer wait for the aid of this one, or the promised help of another, but, with his sons, will immediately set about the work himself; and when once a man makes a determination like this, to do what he can for himself, you may depend upon it, my little ones, it is not far off from being done. So let us take warning by

his example, and take care of ourselves, by bidding good bye to our snug little home here, and seek another as soon as we can."

To be thought a good-natured, kind, and easy man, is enough for many in the world, and so it was with our good-natured, kind, and easy Baronet, who, having no family to provide for, and enough of the world's goods around him to gratify every wish of his heart, was too apt to be careless in the management of his concerns, and to intrust to others the direction of those affairs which no one could so well attend to as himself. A few melancholy proofs of this carelessness of disposition, or rather, perhaps, culpable indolence on his part, in our otherwise good Baronet, I am going to relate to you.

Instead of placing a very large sum of money he had by him, in the funds, where it would have been safe, and yielded him a considerable sum every year for interest, he left it in the hands of his banker, without troubling himself about any security for it. All went on very smoothly for a time, but at last trade becoming very dull in that part of the country, the bank stopped payment, and poor Sir Edward, with

many other sufferers, lost the many thousands he had intrusted to their care. This was a sweeping blow to him at the time, and occasioned him many bitter reproaches for his heedless neglect.

Misfortunes, the wise and experienced tell us, seldom come alone, and so it was with him ; for scarcely had he regained his usual serenity of mind, when the failure of one of his principal tenants, who owed him a large arrear of rent, occurred, and he was again plunged into trouble and disquietude.

His mines, too, and he had very extensive ones in the North, had been so mismanaged by an agent, in whom he trusted for the receipt of his rents in that quarter, and the direction of his collieries, that, instead of being the source of great wealth to him, they yielded him scarcely anything but disappointment and vexation. To make the cup of his pecuniary troubles full to the brim, this agent of his, having drawn upon him as largely as he could, for the payment of bills, and labour said to be done in the mines, and having called in all the rents he possibly could in the neighbourhood,

deserted his trust, and was nowhere to be found ; having left all the bills, &c., for a long time past unpaid, and taking with him several thousand pounds, the wages of his unrighteousness and ingratitude to a kind but thoughtless master. This last was a blow almost too severe to bear with anything like patience, and the poor Baronet felt that he was, indeed, all but a ruined man, and entirely through his own easiness of disposition, good-nature, and want of thought.

Wardour Hall was no longer the home of peace, opulence, and comfort, but the abode of care and fear, and constant anxiety ; for now all who had any claims upon him poured in their bills and petitions for payment, so that he was fairly at his wits' end what to do to satisfy and appease them. Just at this eventful period young Jones's clerkship expired ; and the first thing he did was to seek his benefactors, to inquire of them how they wished him to decide, respecting the offer his master had made him. Some few things had previously come to his knowledge, from which he knew that all was

not going on so well with his friends at the Hall as he could have wished.

On arriving at Wardour Hall, he found the face of all things much altered for the worse:—the place did not seem so cheerful as usual, and the few servants scattered about the park, lawns, and gardens, looked gloomy and sorrowful. His poor mother was the first to tell him, with tears in her eyes, that things were sadly altered about them,—that the Baronet had fallen into many and great difficulties,—that he had discharged many of his servants and labourers,—and that she herself could no longer bear to be burdensome to him, since she knew that, as times were with him now, even her slender pittance was a consideration. Poor Lady Wardour, had been confined to her room for many weeks past, bearing up as well as she could against misfortune, and hiding, under an apparently cheerful countenance, the sorrows of her heart.

Our young friend, on his arrival being announced, was ushered into the library, where he found the afflicted Baronet seated at a table

strewn over with bills, and papers, and letters. Nothing could have been more agreeable or gratifying to him at this juncture, than the arrival of his young *protégé*, who received from him a welcome, warm as it was sincere; his eyes swam with tears, and he could scarcely murmur out a few words, telling him that he now stood in need of advice and assistance.

“Jack,” said the Baronet, as soon as words came to his aid, “or rather, Mr. Jones, as I ought to call you, now that you have reached man’s estate, and have a profession, and a name, your presence here is just what I could have wished. You see before you a poor ruined old man, who has no one to blame but himself for his misfortunes. I have been made the dupe, my boy, of the base and designing. But do not unman yourself, my dear boy, by shedding tears over the misfortunes of a thoughtless old man (for our poor friend could bear this trial of his firmness no longer); nay, don’t say a word of pity, Jack, for that I don’t desire, and can’t bear; but sit you down here by my side, and let us see what is best to be done to save

me from total ruin, and to preserve yourself a friend, Jack."

It would be impossible to describe the feelings which wrung the heart of our young friend, at this recital of the unhappy Baronet. I must, therefore, throw a veil over this part of our story, and leave you to imagine what his grief and anguish were to find friends he most valued, and, next to his mother, loved best in the world, now so much reduced by misfortune upon misfortune, as to be glad to look even to their poor foster-child for succour and relief. Enough, that he patiently listened to a long and painful narration of the losses of his unfortunate benefactor, that the greater part of the night was spent in the examination of papers, bills, and documents; and that, after a brief and afflicting interview with Lady Wardour, on the following morning, he started off by the earliest conveyance for the North, with instructions and authorities in his pocket to take charge of Sir Edward's estates in that quarter, and to adopt such steps as he might think fit for the preservation and defence of his rights.

I have before told you how good and grateful he was, as the poor little deaf and dumb boy of the Chilterns; I need not, then, tell you how delighted he was, even in the midst of trouble and sorrow, to think that a way was now open to him to prove how grateful he could be for the past kindness of the good Baronet and his Lady.

On his arrival at the place of his destination, he began the work of thorough examination into the state of things, availing himself of the aid of a neighbouring solicitor, who had formerly been an agent to the Baronet, but was dismissed at the instigation of the fraudulent fellow, who had managed, from being a clerk at the mines, to insinuate himself into the good graces of his employer, that he might enrich himself at his patron's expense. Jones was glad to find that matters were not quite so bad as he expected, and that, within a few days, the miners had struck upon a new and productive field of coal, of a most excellent kind, which promised a very rich return. Several, also, of the rentals had not been paid over to the fraudulent agent, the tenants suspecting him; and now that they

heard of their good landlord's losses and consequent difficulties, they were straining every nerve to pay all arrears ; remembering how kind and indulgent he had been to them in times past. The farmer who had failed, had received an unexpected legacy to a large amount, and petitioned to be again received as a tenant, on paying all he owed to his kind and benevolent landlord. Still there were so many bills remaining unpaid, and so many expenses to meet, that nothing but the greatest care and economy could rescue the Baronet from the pressing troubles around him.

As yet, no tidings had been heard of the runaway agent or his booty, and Jones had many difficulties to contend with in the North, whilst his patron was quite as much puzzled how to arrange his affairs for the best in the South. Still a blessing seemed to rest on all that he and his young *protégé* did in the way of arrangement, for things began to wear a brighter and better character on all sides. Creditors, seeing that a new turn was taking in the Baronet's affairs, were now as pressing in their offers of accommodation and delay, as they

were before forward in demanding payment ; whilst friends were gathering around him daily, to sympathize with him in his losses, and to offer him any aid he might require.

I need not tell you how delighted his friends at Wardour Hall were, to receive and peruse his letters, all filled with so many tokens of his devoted attachment to themselves, and their best interests ; and so many proofs, not only of his desire, but also of his ability, to serve them.

“ Blessings be on the head of this dear boy,” said Sir Edward one morning at the breakfast-table, as a letter was delivered from his youthful representative in the North ; “ why he has achieved more for us, my dear, than I could have done myself in double the time, with half a score lawyers and agents at my elbow. Why, he has stumbled on a new field of coal, engaged experienced superintendents to direct its working, called in more rents in a month than my runaway rascal did in a year, arranged for the honourable payment of all my accounts in that quarter, and is now petitioning me to receive Farmer Jenkins again as a tenant, he having

paid his rent in full up to the present quarter. I may be, indeed, thankful for the accident which brought us together, and gave me, as it were, in the deaf and dumb boy of another, a son to be the stay and comfort of my old age."

Poor Lady Wardour's heart was too full to reply to this burst of feeling in her husband ; but her tears, and they were tears of joy, showed how deeply she was affected by it, and how true an echo it found in her own breast.

But our young friend's endeavours did not end here. It so happened, one day as he was walking in the vicinity of one of the collieries, that an old woman, the post-woman of the district, met him with a letter in her hand, and asked him whether there was one David Sims, who worked there, as she had a letter for him, which, as it was a double one, was charged a matter of two shillings. If there were such a person as David Sims there, the old woman begged that the young Squire, as he was there called, would take the letter and pay for it, as the miners and colliers were, many of them, unco' faring men, and would, perhaps, get the letter out of her hands, and never pay for it at all. To this,

knowing that there was a man of the name, he made no objection, and took the letter. In due time David Sims came, and, making a low bow, with his old slouching hat in one hand, and stroking down his aged locks with the other, asked what commands master had for him. I merely sent for you to give you a letter, which the old letter-woman has just brought, and which, as it is a double one, may contain something of importance to you.

“Whoy, sir, I thank ye,” said old David Sims, “for taking it in for me and paying for it, neither of which, I expect, I should ha’ done, if it had been left to me ; for I’ve nobody in the world, d’ye see, who cares about me ; and you may depend upon it, ’tis all a plan, a reglar take-in, as folks say, bekase as how everybody knows I can neither read nor write, d’ye see, and so what’s the use of a letter to me ? Still, ’tis very kind o’ you, Measter, and so as you have paid for it for me, perhaps you will be so kind as to read it to me ; for if it be what I expect it is, a kind of a hum, d’ye see, I’d much rether my companions should know but little about it, as I ar’n’t perticular fond of being laughed at, d’ye see.”

Mr. Jones accordingly opened and read as follows :—

“ My good friend, David Sims,

“ Well knowing how honest and worthy of confidence you are, I write to you to transact a little business for me, and hope the enclosed five pounds will be a sufficient reward for your trouble. When I left your part of the world, as I was forced to do in a hurry, taking with me nothing but my salary, though I expect evil-disposed people will say I took a great deal more, I sent my luggage to this place privately, by the way of Hull, and one of the most valuable of all my packages is left behind there. I wish, therefore, you could ask for a few days to visit your friends there, and see it sent after me by coach, to the Bull Inn, Poplar, as soon as possible, as I am about to go to America, the land of freedom, and be my own master, being quite tired of this country of slaves and tyrants. Pay your expenses out of the five pounds enclosed, and keep the rest ; and believe me your friend and well-wisher,

“ JOHN WHITE.”

“The rascal !” said David Sims, his countenance glowing with indignation; “and so, because he believed me to be honest, he thought by his palaver and bribe to make me as great a rogue as himself. But it won’t do, Measter White; I’m not to be caught any how; none of your roguery for me: Measter, pray tell us what’s to be done in the matter, for I’m clear out at leavin’ the job, d’ye see.”

“What’s to be done?” said the overjoyed Jones, “why make the best of your way to Hull, and there, by producing this letter, claim the box, and then leave the rest to me. But David, be silent, keep your own counsel, and all will be well. The knave, who has half-ruined your good master, and condemned himself, besides endeavouring to ruin you, will be very shortly in safe hands, and saved the trouble of seeking after freedom in America.”

I need not tell you that the John White, the writer of this letter, was the runaway agent of the Baronet, and that this device of his to obtain a missing part of his luggage, was the cause of his detection. Immediately on David’s obtaining possession of the box, Jones hastened

with it to Wardour Hall. By the aid of an experienced officer, White was soon taken, and, on an examination of his numerous packages, nearly the whole of the stolen property was found, while he himself was committed to prison, to await his trial for the robbery of an excellent, though a too confiding master.

If Jones was happy under the conviction of his having been made, in the hands of God, an instrument, of service to his kind benefactors, what were their feelings in return, when they found their property recovered by the skill and energy of a youth, who, but for their benevolence to him in childhood, might have grown up a helpless pauper—a misery to himself, and a burden upon society.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

The last account I heard of Jones, was, that he was residing in one of the Baronet's family mansions in the North, near the collieries, with his dear mother. He not only acted as an agent for the Baronet, for his estates in that neighbourhood, but was admitted as a partner in the mines, thus receiving, as the reward of

his well-doing, that recompense which in every way he so well merited, and which is rarely indeed denied to those who laudably endeavour to deserve it.

Here we shall leave our once poor little deaf and dumb boy of the Chilterns, now the beloved and valued friend of those who looked kindly on him in the hour of his need, and the comfort of that happy mother who had "put her trust in the Lord," walking humbly with her child before God, in that course of piety, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace."

From this simple tale, my children, you may learn how blessed in every way is the work, and how rich the reward, of doing good; and how great need *they* have for our present aid and strenuous endeavours to relieve and bless, who labour under the distressing privations of *hearing and speech*. No privation can possibly be more afflictive than theirs; hence how imperative on the friends of such sufferers, and the world at large, to endeavour to remove it; and that this can be done in many cases, is now, thanks be to God, a certain and most consola-

tory truth; that is to say, where cure is attempted in early childhood, as was the case with little Jones, and where no real imperfection of the ear unfortunately exists.

That my simple story may have amused and deeply interested you for good, my little hearers or readers, and that it may be instrumental in awakening others to the pleasing conviction, that "He who maketh the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak," hath not left such little sufferers as these *without hope*, is the sincere and earnest desire of him who now closes his first "Tale of the Senses," and bids you, for the present, a kind and warm Farewell.

INTERESTING FACTS
RELATIVE TO
THE DEAF AND DUMB.

HAVING finished our narrative of the poor little deaf and dumb boy of the Chilterns, I cannot consider my task closed, my children, without repeating for your instruction and amusement a few anecdotes of some poor little sufferers like him, who had the benefit of friendly care and instruction.

I ought to have told you before, that for many years past their peculiarly unfortunate lot has engaged the attention of the charitable and reflecting part of the world, and that many of them, after receiving instruction at the various nobly-supported and excellently-conducted asylums in this country for their relief, have been returned to society, and enabled to move amongst their fellow-men as their equals in knowledge, skill, and usefulness. Much, indeed, my children, has been done for these poor

sufferers in America, France, Ireland, Scotland, and in this our favoured land of Christian charity and benevolence; and too much praise cannot be bestowed on those wise and good men, who have made the improvement of their condition the very aim and end, as it were, of their existence. I will first quote from the *Saturday Magazine*, for April, 1833, an account of the modes of instructing the deaf and dumb, and also of the Origin of the Asylum for their Reception, instituted in the neighbourhood of London.

INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE causes of Dumbness are various: in some few cases it is owing to the loss or palsied state of the tongue, or to other imperfections or injuries of the organs of speech, and is then irremediable; but more frequently it is caused by some defect in the external or internal passages of the ear. Although, therefore, in general, persons who are unable to speak are said to be *Deaf and Dumb*, it by no means follows that the same individual is visited by the twofold affliction. Many, indeed, are *dumb*, only because they are *deaf*; that is, they are incapable of using language, the sounds of which they have never heard.

The possibility of instructing the Deaf and Dumb seems to have first occurred to a Benedictine monk, of the name of Ponce, a native of Spain, near the end of the 16th century, and the attempts he made to attain his object are said to have been successful. In 1620, Bonnet, another Spaniard, published a treatise on the same subject. In 1657, Helmont, a German, printed an account of the education of a single pupil, who became master of his native tongue very expeditiously, and acquired the Hebrew of himself. A few years later than this, Dr. Wallis and Dr. Holder, in England, devoted their attention with great zeal and advantage to the same object; and from this time to the middle of the 18th century, many learned men applied themselves earnestly to the same task.

At the close of the same century, the art of instructing the dumb, was practised on a much larger scale, by several distinguished teachers, both in England and on the Continent: the most celebrated among these, were Mr. Braidwood in Edinburgh, Dr. Watson, a nephew of Mr. Braidwood in London, and the Abbé de l'Épée, who was succeeded by the Abbé Sicard in Paris. The mode of tuition employed in Great Britain, is founded on the well-known fondness for imitation with which mankind is endued.

The production of articulate sounds*, (although the most difficult part of the education of a dumb person,) is, on account of its immense utility to the child, as well as from its rendering easy his future progress, the first lesson taught. The first sounds he is induced to attempt are those of the vowels; but as it is impossible for him to hear such as are uttered by the master, or those his own exertions produce, this end can only be obtained by the use of his faculties of sight and feeling. He perceives the position of the tongue, and the movements of the lips of the teacher, and endeavours to imitate them; this he easily effects, but still no sound is produced; his attention is then directed to the tremulous motion produced on the windpipe by the breath, as it is forced through to produce the sound; he soon discovers the cause of this, and after several trials succeeds in producing the same effect in his own throat; and when he is successful in uttering the required sound, his master's approbation assures him that the object in view is gained. In this manner he proceeds throughout the alphabet, and, knowing now how to direct his exertions, the task becomes easier at every step. The compound sounds of syl-

* The attempt to teach the deaf to utter articulate sounds was first employed by Dr. Wallis, and his mode of proceeding was nearly the same as that now in practice.

lables are next attempted. To these follow words, selecting at first such as express objects that are easily pointed out, as *chair, table, cup, &c.* By this time the subject becomes more interesting to the pupil; he begins to see the use of the efforts he has been making, since, by employing any of the words he has learnt, the object whose name it expresses is at once pointed out. But the principal advantage of the use of speech, although unconnected with that of hearing, is its causing the knowledge of words gained by the learner to be retained with greater certainty than if he had been taught by signs only, to point out the name of anything, to write it down on paper, or to select the object itself; for he is less likely to forget that which has given him so much pains to learn, the more especially as he can refresh his memory by the constant and easy exertion of his newly-acquired faculty.

A well-taught and intelligent child, educated in this manner, has more methods of expressing his meaning than most of those who possess the whole of their faculties: he not only can write down a sentence, and employ words to express himself, but he can communicate his ideas by means of a manual alphabet; that is, by placing his fingers and hands in different positions, (each change of position indicating a letter of the alphabet,) as well as by natural and artificial signs.

The teachers of the deaf and dumb on the Continent have, till very lately, neglected the instruction of their scholars in the use of speech, considering that, although it might be a desirable addition to their acquirements, still it was almost impracticable, except in the case of a single pupil. This, however, has been clearly disproved, by the fact of all the pupils in the London establishment, and in most of the schools in Great Britain, being able to use articulate sounds; and although these sounds are not, in many instances, very distinct, still they are of the same use to the learner.

After having learned the names of common objects, their qualities are next to be taught; and to effect this purpose the use of Signs is resorted to, which are either *natural*, as *tall*, which is expressed by raising the hand above the head; *short*, by bringing the hand below the height of the speaker; *good*, by looking at the object with an approving countenance, and gently patting the breast above the heart; *bad*, by turning away with disgust, and seeming to thrust back with the hand the subject referred to. These signs are of that intelligible nature, that a child or a savage would be able to comprehend the feeling expressed, and they may be used for almost all adjectives of *quality*, *number*, &c.

The simpler kind of verbs, as *eat*, *drink*, *sleep*, may

be expressed by the same description of signs ; but others, of a less simple meaning, require more complex signs ; as *love*, which is expressed by a satisfied and pleasant look, and the folding of the arms on the breast, combining the signs *good* and *respect*.

Another description of signs are called *arbitrary*, and have no reference whatever to their assumed meanings, such as those which express the termination of words, as that implying the termination *ing* in *jump-ing* ; but it would be an utterly hopeless attempt to endeavour to explain these by means of words.

The idea of the first foundation of an institution in London, for the education of the deaf and dumb, was suggested to the late Rev. John Townsend, by a lady whose son was born without the power of hearing, and whose education, consequently, had been a cause of great trouble and expense. He subsequently mentioned his project to the Rev. Henry Cox Mason, who cordially entered into the charitable design, but had so little knowledge of the extent of the calamity it was sought to alleviate, as to suppose that not more than five or six cases of dumbness were likely to be discovered, and therefore at first discouraged the idea of a public institution. The next party to whom Mr. Townsend applied, was the late Henry Thornton, Esq., who readily promised his

support and assistance. The united exertions and influence of these philanthropic individuals in a short time produced the means of opening a house in Bermondsey, in 1792, for the reception of deaf and dumb children, who were placed under the care of Dr. Watson. The value of such an institution was in due time appreciated by the public, and in 1807 the governors were enabled to commence the erection of the present Asylum, in the Old Kent Road, which was opened for the reception of the establishment on the 9th of October, 1809. During the last twenty-four years, upwards of eleven hundred children have been received into this Asylum. The number under instruction has sometimes been between two hundred and twenty and two hundred and thirty.

This charity is the only one of the kind in London; but there are others, devoted to the same purposes, in Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and other parts of the kingdom. The mode of instruction resorted to in all these is much the same as that we have been describing.

Within the last few years public attention has also been called to an efficient mode of treatment, pursued in the Royal Dispensary of London, for Diseases of the Ear, an invaluable Institution, which is patronised by our benevo-

lent King, and many distinguished members of the nobility and gentry. This system, I am sure you will be glad to learn, has been successful in many cases; restoring the slumbering functions of the ear, and thereby affording the poor sufferer, not only the privilege of *hearing*, but also the imitative faculty of *speech*. In proof of which, I believe I am justified in saying that a young female who was born deaf and dumb, will shortly appear on a public benevolent occasion, singing an anthem in testimony of her gratitude to God her Maker for her cure, and in furtherance of a charity which has been the source of so much benefit and comfort to her.

I am sure, my dear children, your sympathy will be moved in their favour also, when you consider for a moment what your condition would have been had it pleased God to deny you the use of faculties so pleasing, necessary, and beneficial to you, as the faculties of *speech* and *hearing*. In all other respects, they are, for the most part, our equals; but, alas! deprived of these, how many and great are their privations.. They can neither hear the soft and tender voice of affection, nor “the music of

sweet sounds," neither communicate their thoughts and feelings to others, nor join in the delightful exercise of prayer and praise to their Father in heaven, for, alas ! as the following testimonies will prove, they have no knowledge, in their natural untaught condition, either that they have an immortal soul within, or that there is a God to preserve it in life, and crown it with honour and glory in eternity.

One of the deaf and dumb pupils at the Edinburgh Institution* writes as follows, to one of his teachers :—

“ Before I came to school, I thought that the stars were placed in the firmament, like grates of fire, and that the moon at night was like a great furnace of fire. I did not know how the stars, and moon, and heavens, were made: but I supposed, that the people above the firmament (like us,) kindled the moon and the stars; but I did not know, whether the heaven was made by art or not. I had no proper idea of the extent of the world; but I thought it was little, and I was always intending going to the end, but it was too far. I thought it was round, like a round table. I knew nothing about God or

* Vide Orpen's *Annals, &c., of the Deaf and Dumb.*

Jesus Christ. I did not know what became of the soul after death; but I thought the dead bodies were crumbled unto dust, like dead beasts; and I did not know, that the bodies of the dead would be raised; neither that there was a place of punishment, nor a place of happiness, after death. My heart made me unhappy, when I could not understand what was said. There are many untaught Deaf and Dumb, and I feel very sorry for them."

Another, also enabled to communicate his thoughts in writing, says,—

"When I was at home, I knew one word, 'God,' but I did not know what it meant, nor how the world was made, and my mind was very hard, and uncultivated, resembling the ground that is not ploughed, and I was perfectly ignorant. I thought then, that my mind would open when I was a man: but I was mistaken; it would not have opened, if I had not come to school to be taught: I would have been ignorant and have known nothing that is proper, and no religion would have come toward me. I must study my Bible, till my life is departed, and I hope God will please never to forsake me. I am greatly obliged to you, gentlemen, (the Committee,) for your kindness, in conferring benefits on me, and my poor

Deaf companions ; I feel very thankful for my education, and have felt much inclined to commit it to memory. I ought to be thankful to God Almighty, for giving Mr. Kinniburgh ability and patience to teach me and my companions, and for giving me wisdom and instruction, that is very pleasant to my soul. If it be your pleasure, I wish to remain here, with Mr. K., as Assistant Teacher, as the term of my education is expired. I express much gratitude to him, for his kind treatment of me, and to you all, for your kind bounty."

We have also a highly-interesting narrative, in the Memoirs of the Parisian Royal Academy, for the year 1703, of a spontaneous recovery from deafness, in a young man who had been born deaf; interesting, not merely from the extreme infrequency of the occurrence, but by the light which it tends to throw upon the very peculiar state of the mind of the uneducated Deaf and Dumb.

"A tradesman's son at Chartres, about twenty-four years of age, who had been Deaf and Dumb from his birth, to the very great surprise of the whole town, began to speak. On being asked as to the manner of his acquiring the faculty of speech, he

said, that about three or four months before this, all the bells in the town had been one day set a ringing, as was the usual custom in that country, on the first appearance of cloudy and stormy weather, in order to disperse it. This lad then, for the first time, perceived the new and unknown sensation of hearing, at which he was greatly delighted. Some time after, a kind of watery humour came from his left ear, and from that time he heard perfectly with both ears. During the above three or four months, he listened only, but used to repeat to himself the words he had heard, to accustom himself to their pronunciation, as well as to their signification. He at length broke silence, though he could even yet speak but badly. The divines put many questions to him, concerning his past life, as to the Deity, the human mind, the moral good or evil of our actions, of any of which he had not had the slightest idea whatever, and though he had frequented Church, and appeared to behave as others did, yet he never formed any reason to himself, for what he or others went there to do ; all this time, therefore, he led a mere animal life, entirely taken up with those objects he saw around him, nor did he draw such inferences, from what he did or saw done, as one might perhaps have expected."

The following interesting narrative written by Jean Massieu, the Abbé Sicard's most celebrated pupil, who was taught by signs, at his institution in France, gives so clear an account of their untaught state and condition, that I am sure you will excuse me for quoting it at full length. -

“I was anxious,” says the author of a little French work, called ‘*La Corbeille de Fleurs*,’ “to have some minute details of the childhood of Massieu. I asked him one day to give me, in writing, a history of his first years; he brought me soon after the following sketch, which is entirely composed by himself:—

“I was born at Semens, in the Canton of Saint Macaire, department of La Gironde; my father died in the month of January, 1791, my mother lives still. In my country, we were six deaf mutes, of the same paternal family, three boys and three girls.

“Until the age of thirteen years and nine months, I remained in my country, where I never received any instruction.

“I expressed my ideas by manual signs, or by gestures. The signs which I at that time used to express my ideas to my parents, and to my brothers and sisters, were very different from those of the Deaf and Dumb instructed. Strangers never under-

stood us, when we were expressing to them by signs our ideas, but the neighbours understood us.

“ I saw oxen, horses, asses, pigs, dogs, cats, vegetables, houses, fields, vines, and when I had seen all these objects, I remembered them well.

“ Before my education, while I was a child, I knew neither to write nor read. I desired to write and read. I often saw young boys and young girls, who were going to school; I desired to follow them.

“ I begged of my father, with tears in my eyes, permission to go to school. I took a book, and opened it upside down, to mark my ignorance. I put it under my arm, as if to go out, but my father refused me the permission I requested; making signs to me that I could never learn anything, because I was Deaf and Dumb.

“ Then I cried very loud. I again took the books to read them, but I neither knew the letters, nor the words, nor the phrases, nor the periods. Full of vexation, I put my fingers in my ears, and demanded with impatience of my father to have them cured.

“ He answered me, that there was no remedy. I quitted my father's house, and went to school, without telling my father. I addressed myself to the master, and asked him by signs to teach me to

read and to write. He refused me roughly, and drove me from the school.

“This made me cry much. I often thought of writing and reading. I was then twelve years old; I attempted alone to form with the pen the writing-signs.

“In my childhood my father made me make prayers in gestures, evening and morning. I threw myself on my knees, I joined my hands and moved my lips in imitation of those who speak when they are praying to God.

“At present I know that there is a God, who is the Creator of heaven and earth. In my childhood, I adored the *heavens*, not God. I did not see God; I did see the heavens.

“I did not know either whether I had been made, or whether I had made myself.

“I grew tall. But if I had not known my instructor, Sicard, my mind would not have grown as my body; for my mind was very poor; in growing up I should have thought that the heavens were God.

“Then the children of my own age did not play with me, they despised me; I was like a dog.

“I amused myself alone in playing at ball, or marbles, or running about on stilts.

“ I knew the numbers before my instruction, my fingers had taught me them, I did not know the figures ; I counted with my fingers, and when the number passed ten, I made notches in a stick.

“ During my childhood, my parents sometimes made me watch a flock ; and often those who met me, touched with my situation, gave me money.

“ One day, a gentleman who was passing, took a liking to me, made me go to his home, and gave me to eat and drink.

“ Afterwards, when he went to Bordeaux, he spoke about me to M. Sicard, who consented to take charge of my education.

“ The gentleman wrote to my father, who showed me his letter, but I could not read it.

“ My relations and my neighbours told me what it contained.

“ They informed me, that I should go to Bordeaux. They thought it was to learn to be a cooper ; my father said to me, that it was to learn to read and write.

“ I set out with him for Bordeaux ; when we arrived there, we went to visit M. l'Abbé Sicard, whom I found very thin.

“ I commenced by forming letters with my fingers. In the space of many days, I knew how to write some words.

“In the space of three months, I knew how to write many words; in the space of six months, I knew how to write some phrases.

“In the space of a year I wrote well.

“In the space of a year and nine months I wrote better, and I answered well to questions that people proposed to me.

“It was three years and six months that I had been with M. l'Abbé Sicard, when I set out with him for Paris.”

I will now present you with a letter from a deaf and dumb child, who had a wicked father, to his teacher, showing the value of the instruction he had received, and his strong desire to render it beneficial to others.

“My dear Master,—I love you and your wife, for you both have been very kind to me, for a long time. You have taught me many things, that I did not know before; and you have given me knowledge to love the Lord Almighty, with all my heart. I am very thankful to you. I am always grieved to think of my poor father, that he nevers prays to God to forgive his sins. I am very sorry for him. I would like to write a letter to him, and to tell him many things about God, and that he

should pray to God daily. I always think that he never goes to church on the Sabbath-day, but walks about the fields for pleasure, as I saw him do long ago. Last Saturday, when I went to see my father, I saw my sister ironing her white frock and fine clothes. I asked her, 'Will you go to church to-morrow?' She said, 'No; I will walk four miles with my father and sister.' I said, 'It is a great sin for you to walk on the Sabbath-day for pleasure; and oh! it is a great shame to you all.' I asked her, 'Do you not fear the Lord Almighty?' She said, 'No,' and laughed. I am afraid to think of her, and I told her, 'You will see, what will become of you at the last day at the judgment-seat;' and I said, 'You will not then laugh so merrily as you do now.'

"I asked my youngest sister, 'Do you walk on the Sabbath-day?' She said, 'No; I go to church, and learn my hymns for the Sabbath-night School.' She told me that it is very bad to walk. I said that she was a good girl, and right. I am angry at them. I always think very sorrowful of them. When I pray to God night and morning, I never forget my poor father. I often think I must write to him, to tell him about God, and that he must believe in the name of the Almighty Jehovah, who

made all mankind ; and how kind he was, to send his beloved Son into the world, to die on a cross, to save sinners from hell."

The following letters to teachers in the Irish school at Claremont, also proves how ready their minds are to receive instruction, and how acute their observations are. One of them, Thomas Collins by name, being allowed to visit Polito's menagerie of wild beasts, gave this account of it to Mr. Marshall, his teacher :—

"My dear —, I went to Mr. Polito's, Lower Abbey-street. I saw many beasts, playing in the cages of iron. I saw three lions, walking in cages ; their bodies were brown ; several panthers ; bodies were spotted and white. The spotted, or laughing hyena, was wild in a cage ; he was unpleasant. The fiery lynx was grey ; his ears are pointed. The great water buffalo, from Bombay ; his horns are black ; his body black ; on the floor. A beautiful Egyptian camel was eating hay, in rail of wood ; his back was curved and brown ; his under-neck is curved. The horned horse, or nilghau, was eating hay, in a stable ; his body was grey. The beautiful zebra was in a cage of wood ; his body was beautifully striped. A bear was lying upon the floor, in a

cage ; his body is white. The ursine sloth is all black, and was jumping in a cage ; his hairs and claws are long ; his nose was long ; he was jumping to D——, with some cakes. A kangaroo's fore-legs were small and short ; his legs were long ; he was jumping to my glove, I was shaking it at him. The lion was sleeping in a cage ; his tail was down pendulous through rail to my hands were touching tail. I saw a live serpent, lying in a cage, upon blankets ; his body is slender and long ; he was striped with rings ; his tongue is forked, and was black ; he was yawning. A large elephant was eating hay ; his body is large and black ; was standing on the floor ; his trunk took cakes from D——, who has some gingerbread cakes ; his legs are short and thick ; his hoofs were large and black ; and his body has not hair. A porter went to the door, and spoke to D——, who was with us ; he opened the door. We saw an elephant in the stable ; his body is all black ; his ears were pendulous, and were wiping his little eyes ; his tusks were little, of bone ; his mouth was sucking trunk. D—— had some cakes. Its huge body is covered with a callous hide : he has not hair ; his legs are thick, black, and are curved ; his head is large. A porcupine ; quills are thick ; he was in a cage ; his quills are long, and black and white. I felt his

quills; he went walking; his fore-legs were short, on the floor: we were afraid: porcupine's front was black; his tail is thick. The ocelot, or tiger in miniature, is from the Brazils. The Brazils, or tiger-cat, from Amboyna, was in a cage. The great emew, or southern ostrich; his body is yellowish; his legs are slender, and he was standing long on straws; his body was large; his neck is slender, long, and straight; he was curved on his upper back; the feathers of his tail were pendulous; his bill is bone and long: he opened his bill, and took cakes; he was eating; D—— had some cakes. My hand was shaking at ostrich; he opened his bill. The silver vulture, from Brazils, was in a cage of wood; his bill is large, and was black; he opened his bill. A monkey's face was grinning, and speaking, in a small cage; his hair was blackish; his arms were brownish; he was kneeling on his hands, and was eating cakes. D—— had some gingerbread. His tail is long, and was black; his arms were black: he and I were friends; he was scratching his thigh, and pulling the rail of irons; his feet were long and black. The monkeys were little, and pretty; their bodies are small, and were whitish; they were grinning their teeth, which was white—white.

I am yours,

“THOMAS COLLINS.”

Another, Patrick Meagher, wrote thus to his teacher, after seeing the family of Laplanders at the Rotunda in Dublin.

“My dear Master,—I went to the Rotunda: I was very glad; reindeer was drawing a car; some boys riding sitting in the car: they were brought to Ireland, from Lapland, because people want to see them: man used to wear skin a coat; he wear woollen clothes now; little child used to wear skin a coat; child wear woollen clothes now. Laplander man threw rope, made of the reindeer sinew, at the reindeer; the reindeer broad feet will not sinking in the snow. Laplander man sledge for travelling in the snow. I was stroking the elk; it snapped at me; you laughed at me. The Laplander sitting in the sledge; the reindeer was drawing car. The reindeer shed reindeer's horn. The Laplander man was shooting with a gun in Lapland; he was shooting at the wild animal; they wear skin a coat in winter; the man and woman had girdles round their waists; the man had a cap, and he had knives for killing animals. I saw Laplander's coat, which was made of the reindeer's skin; it was hung upon the wall. Laplander man was wear the buskin.

“I am yours,

“PATRICK MEAGHER.”

William Brennan, another pupil of the same institution, wrote thus to a benevolent friend :—

“ Dear —, I saw a letter which you wrote to Collins ; D—— explained it to Collins and me in school. ‘ You cannot keep ——’s letter longer than a few minutes.’ I am sorry, and will give you a letter. ‘ I am not fit to go to heaven.’ You appear always happy. You are kind to me. Will you try, gentlemen will give money for the Deaf and Dumb ? Is Mr. —— well ? I love you. I do not know I shall always love God : he always sees you and me. You will pray earnestly to God ; —— prays earnestly to God. God will destroy the world by fire. He will love Deaf and Dumb. He will order you to try and get gentlemen to give money for the Deaf and Dumb. Will you write a letter, and send it to me ? I saw you playing the piano-forte, and singing. You were attentive, read the Bible to God. I was always wild a long time ago. When I came here I was wild ; I did not remember God. I am sensible now, and will not be wild. God will have mercy on me ; I will love God. I am quiet. God will love the Deaf and Dumb. God speak to Moses ; he remembered the Bible ; he was calling mankind at Rock ; he felt the rock, and water came from it ; mankind drank the water. God told the man and woman, ‘ Do

not eat apple.' The devil enticed the woman to eat apples. God drove the man and woman out of paradise. Angels are pretty ; the devils were once angels, but having rebelled against God, he drove them out of heaven. An angel bound devil in chains. The devil is ever (*in*) pain in hell ; angels are happy, and obedient to God. God will not be friend devil, because he was quarrelsome.

"I am yours,

"WILLIAM BRENNAN."

I shall close these deeply-interesting details, &c., with a letter from a young American lady, as illustrative of the great benefits arising from the education of the deaf and dumb, and explanatory in some measure of the system pursued at the Hartford Institution in Connecticut in America.

"Hartford, Connecticut, U. S.,

"March 27th, 1823.

"My dear Friend,—I take the liberty of writing a letter to you, with great pleasure, in hopes that it will be acceptable to you, and you will soon answer it. I hope I shall have the pleasure of receiving your letter, which will give me much interest to read. I have been in the Asylum five years and a few months. I am very happy to have

come here, and to have succeeded in making the Deaf and Dumb familiar with me. I have some correct ideas, both of the wonderful creation of God, and the merciful atonement of his Son, who has been sent to come on the earth; for Christ has been moved with pity, to see the wicked people whom he has taught about religion. How benevolent he has been, to give himself up to be crucified on the cross, by the enmity of the Jews, in order to pardon them and our sins.

“Before I came to the Asylum, I had no correct idea of God and Christ; again, I was not able to understand and read any book, and to talk with my friends by writing, but made a few signs; and I was taught by nobody on the useful subjects. I am now very happy to have come to the Asylum, and to have a good opportunity of being favoured with instructors, who are qualified and capable of teaching me by signs, on the various subjects of religion, and other things. Indeed I understand them distinctly, and I can read some of the Bible and other books. I feel very grateful to God, for having given me many good blessings, and the privileges which I have enjoyed, during my past life, and for providing a school for me. My time has been much occupied with my studies, every evening, with much interest;

and I have been particularly delighted to attend to geography, and to the wonders of the world.

“There are sixty-eight Deaf and Dumb pupils in the Asylum. We are assembled together in the chapel, and one of the instructors explains to us a few verses in a chapter of the Bible; again, he makes a short prayer by signs, morning and evening; he also preaches to us his good sermon on the Sabbath. We are happy, and diligent to attend his preaching on religion with attention. The Asylum is in all respects a delightful situation, on Lord’s Hill, surrounded by a beautiful prospect of the country, which I view with admiration in the summer. I am sorry, I cannot give you an idea of it; but I give you a picture, which is called, ‘A view of the Asylum at Hartford, (Conn.)’ as a remembrance of my friendship for you; will you be so kind to accept of it. My dear friend, adieu! I hope you are a good scholar, and God will bless you with much happiness. Give my best regards to all your companions, and believe me yours, with affection and esteem.”

With this I shall close my little work, earnestly hoping my youthful readers will be found deeply sympathising with this most unfortunate class of their fellow-creatures, and

praying with me, not only for a blessing on all attempts to do them good, but especially on that which promises, by an attention in infancy to their organs of hearing, not only to make the *deaf hear*, but, through the Divine favour and blessing, to make the *dumb speak*, the praise and glory of God.

THE END.

[List No. 2.]

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